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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

(TRADE MARK)

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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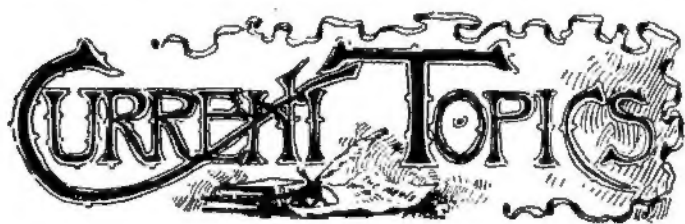
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23rd NOVEMBER, 1889.



The wheels of the Foreign Office are in their motion like the mills in the famous oracle. This by no means novel charge has been brought anew against that branch of Imperial administration on which Canada is largely dependent for immunity from certain worries. The ground of the indictment is the delay in settling the Behring Sea question, and as Lord Salisbury is Foreign Secretary as well as Prime Minister, he comes in for some sharp censure. *Imperial Federation* thinks that the blame lies with a system that debars the colonies from any voice in Imperial affairs. If Ireland, Scotland or London has a grievance, each of them entrusts its representatives with the task of making it known and insisting on its being redressed. If Canada were similarly situated it would have its interests more properly attended to. But that would imply a proportional contribution to Imperial expenses. In a question like that of Behring Sea, not merely justice to Canada, but the prestige of Great Britain calls for a satisfactory adjustment of the conflicting claims.

Some time ago we referred to the appeal of the Chicago press to the journalists of Canada asking for their good will and co-operation in the endeavour to have the western metropolis chosen as the centre of the great World's Fair of 1892. The Canadian residents of Chicago have, in a circular letter, addressed to their fellow-countrymen in the Dominion, earnestly solicited their sympathy and assistance in securing the same object. The arguments used to induce Canadians to favour Chicago rather than New York, are almost the same as those of which we have already given a summary. Our compatriots strongly urge the superior advantages of the western city from the standpoint of Canadian interests, which they engage to do all in their power to promote. The letter being submitted to our City Fathers, on motion of Alderman Clendinneng, the Council declared in favour of Chicago as the most central and convenient point for the people of Canada.

The terrible exposure of Mormon doctrines and practices made recently at Salt Lake in the course of certain evidence adduced in connection with an application for citizenship by a man who had once taken Mormon oaths, will, and ought to deepen the repugnance entertained in the North-West to the admission of Mormons into the Territories. The applicant, John Moore, having sworn that he had been through the "Endowment House," objection was made to his claim on the ground that no person having such an experience and taken the oaths that it implied, could be a good citizen or bear faithful allegiance to the United States.

One of the most important events of recent years, in connection with the social and religious development of the United States, was the great Catholic Congress of Baltimore, to commemorate the consecration of Archbishop Carroll, a hundred years ago. It was attended by delegates, clerical and lay, from all parts of the United States, from Canada, from Mexico, from England, and from Rome. Cardinals Gibbons and Taschereau, in the robes of their rank, and the assembled bishops and priests and distinguished laymen, made an imposing scene. The capital of the old Catholic colony put on holiday costume for the occasion, and the inhabitants, without regard to creed, opened wide their hospitable doors. The religious ceremonies were most impressive. Bishop Ireland (St. Paul) preached the sermon, and Bishop Ryan (Philadelphia) delivered an oration. Papers were read by laymen of famous names—Brownson, Bonaparte, Shea, Foy, Kelly, Spanhorst, Dougherty—representing all the nationalities that went to the making of the Republic. The tone of some of them gave evidence of the interaction of two forces, once thought to be in conflict, Catholicism and democracy. The subjects dealt with covered a broad range—the relations between Church and State, between religion and education, between the Church and journalism, between religion and literature, between labour and capital, the rôle of the laity in the Church, the new social order, temperance, Sunday observance, church music. Mr. Daniel Dougherty, of New York, in an eloquent speech, contrasted the status of the Church to-day with the harsh treatment it had endured in the past. The Premier of Quebec was also among the orators, and his address was not the least noteworthy feature of the Conference.

Although the crusade against slavery, so earnestly advocated by Cardinal Lavigerie, has not taken the shape recommended by that venerable philanthropist, His Eminence's appeals to the nations of Christendom have not been fruitless. There has certainly been a far-reaching and profound awakening of the conscience of the civilized world to the inhumanity of a system which, within the memory of the living, had its advocates even in Christian pulpits. Some of our readers can doubtless recall the time when it was no very rare thing for the hunted fugitive of the slave-holder to seek on the soil of Canada that freedom from fetters which is now the birthright of all his race under the American flag. Whether or not the slave trade on this continent brought indirectly boons which would, save for its intervention, have been denied to the emancipated negroes, it is now generally acknowledged that the institution in defence of which brave and good men did not hesitate to sacrifice life and fortune had no sanction from the higher law of Christianity, and was inconsistent with the morality of an enlightened age. The conference that began this week at Brussels is significant proof of the strength and universality of anti-slavery sentiment in the civilized world. Among the nations represented, besides those of Europe, from Portugal to Russia, are Turkey, Persia and Zanzibar.

Imperial Federation with special reference to French Canada, has occupied considerable attention of late in the recognized organ of the movement. The basis of an important article in the last number of *Imperial Federation* is the series of utterances published by Mr. Tarte in the paper of which he is editor. The starting-point of the discussion was

the speech of Sir Charles Tupper at the annual banquet of the League, to which reference was made in our columns at the time. Naturally, the High Commissioner's position gave peculiar significance to his words, notwithstanding his simultaneous avowal that he spoke only for himself and not in any representative capacity. His object in proposing a conference in which every portion of the Empire would have a chance of expressing its opinion on the question of federation, was simply to give a practical character to the aims of the League. Lord Salisbury's refusal to take the responsibility of calling a conference tended, doubtless, to give some apparent justification to those who were already inclined to distrust the League's policy. At any rate, a good deal was written on the subject which was altogether wide of the mark and attributed both to the League and to Sir Charles Tupper sentiments and intentions which they never for a moment entertained. It was to explain what he believed to be the High Commissioner's real attitude on the subject of federation that Mr. Tarte wrote the articles in *Le Canadien*, to which the journal of the League pays a tribute of praise. Therein our Quebec confrère shows that Sir Charles Tupper's federation, so far from interfering with any privilege that Canada or this province now enjoys, would leave every hardly won liberty intact, while giving to the nations sheltered beneath the British Crown complete security against external aggression. We heartily agree with Mr. Tarte that great questions of economy and statesmanship should be kept entirely free from the belittling spirit of mere local partizanship.

THE FRENCH RACE IN AMERICA.

A good deal has been written of late about the mission of the French race in America. The subject is not a novel one. Directly or indirectly it has been treated by many patriotic pens of earlier generations. Every Canadian historian has had something to say about it. Indeed, even if we go back to the first years of the colony, we find that those who undertook to tell its story, all discharged the task from the standpoint of some cherished ideal. The clerical annalists, while, as a whole, they looked upon New France as a great field for missions, surveyed that field as the chosen stage for the triumphs of their respective orders. Père Sagard, for instance, regarded it as the peculiar allotment of the Recollets; Father Du Creux saw in it the Heaven-ordained scene of Jesuit evangelization. In the same light it was presented to the authors of the "Relations," and, as M. Faillon (who had the labours of St. Sulpice especially in his mind when he wrote his *Histoire de la Colonie Française*) takes pains to remind us, Charlevoix never forgot his allegiance to the Company of Jesus. Dollier de Casson and Father Belmont, in their synoptical records, also show severally their ecclesiastical leanings. To all these early historians Canada was mainly, if not solely, a mission field. The lay writers of the 17th century, while not oblivious of the religious aspect of their work, were much more vividly impressed with the advantages of colonization and the development of the country's resources. Before the close of Frontenac's administration the colonial policy had carried the day. In his valuable little book, *Colbert et le Canada*, M. Desmazures portrays for us the period of transition, when the germ of the national idea began to take root and a Canadian, as distinguished from a French, spirit

began to animate the people. In his *Histoire des Canadiens-Français*, M. B. Sulte has traced the course of that new-world patriotism from its rise to the present day. M. Rameau has also depicted it in his instructive pages, and has shown its fruits in the conquest of an empire which only needed a generous encouragement at home for its consolidation and permanence. But, unhappily for the dreams of men like La Salle, La Mothe Cadillac, d'Iberville and de La Vérendrye, as the pride of Canadians in their grand heritage increased, the demeanour of the French court grew more indifferent, till at last New France was surrendered with hardly a regret.

After the conquest, while aliens like Bigot, who had battered on extortion and embezzlement, and others, who, though comparatively guiltless, had no real attachment to Canada, transferred their penates across the sea, the true sons of the soil, who were Canadian more than French, chose to share the fortunes of their abandoned country and to hope against hope for the fulfilment of their cherished dream. In spite of its transfer to another Crown, Canada was still their home—a home which ere long they gladly defended from the foes both of themselves and their new fellow-subjects. The patriotic task was repeated in later years with triumphant skill and valour. For nearly a hundred years after the Cession, the descendants of those who founded the colony had the numerical preponderance. When DeSalaberry won the battle of Chateauguay, they were still more than three times as numerous as the British population. After that date began the persistent immigration which eventually turned the balance to the other side. It was not, however, till the period of the Union had half expired that the equation between the two elements took place. Then struggle was succeeded by deadlock. The conflict of aspirations, which before the Union had led to bloodshed, and which the development of parliamentary institutions had intended to modify, was now, through the working of those very institutions, forced into a new and critical phase. The deadlock once broken, after years of wasted energies, the ascendancy of one section over the other was sure to come, with equally certain resistance on the part of the minority. In such circumstances, some new arrangement was clearly necessary, and it was found in the federal union of all the provinces, with local autonomy and the guarantee of just treatment to minorities.

It is with the mission of the French race under these new conditions that we are now chiefly concerned. With the destinies of Louisiana, and of the voluntary exiles scattered through the New England, Middle and Western States, we must, of course, have a certain sympathy. But it is on the French population of Canada that the future influence of the race on this continent mainly depends. Save for the relations sustained (chiefly through the mediation of the clergy) between this province and the Franco-American communities, the latter would be more rapidly absorbed, like the millions of Germans, into the mass of the Republic's population. Gradually, from generation to generation, a certain proportion of them, must be so absorbed. If we have regard to the French-Canadians of the United States, it is difficult to see how they can accomplish the sort of mission that some of our journals have allotted to them. They may remain Catholics and speak French at home and in the social circle, but, unless they become naturalized American citizens, they are, and must continue,

political ciphers. M. J. Feyrol closes an interesting work on the French race in Canada, Louisiana and the other States, with these words: "Those valiant men who crossed the ocean to found a new trans-atlantic France have not succeeded; by the fortune of arms, they lost their territories, but united in a common thought, they have formed a people, *Les Français d'Amérique*." The words quoted express concisely what a number of our own writers have elaborated in various forms. Not to mention the historians, Garneau, Sulte, and others who have treated of our later history, Monsignor Labelle, Mr Joseph Tassé, the Rev. M. Mothon, ex-Mayor Beaugrand, etc., who have written expressly on the mission and destiny of their race in the New World, have dwelt on the surprising increase which seems like a literal fulfilment of Father Vimont's prophecy and prayer. For the most part, satisfaction at this growth of a mere handful into the dimensions of a nation is accompanied with gratitude for the preservation of their faith by the scattered sons of *La Belle France*. It is on this point that the ecclesiastical patriot naturally dwells. Yet, although the expressions of opinion are so numerous and the unanimity on the main question—that a great future awaits the fuller expansion of the French-Canadian people—is so marked, we are at a loss when we come to inquire what the mission entrusted to it really is. The answers at this point become vague and indecisive. The dispersion of the French race all over the continent, and especially its division into two great sections—one in Canada, the other in the States—make the problem for the present insoluble. Only one historian has come out plainly in favour of annexation, but he is a European and a Protestant—the only Protestant Frenchman who has written a history of Canada. It is just one of the questions with which strangers should not meddle, as Brasseur de Bourbourg found to his cost. Nevertheless, Mr. Reveillaud did not, we may be sure, express regrets that Canada had rejected the offers of the Revolutionary Congress and urge that the mistake should be corrected with the least possible delay, without prompting from some of his Canadian entertainers. His counsel echoes the wish of his fellow-religionists; not that of his French-Canadian kinsmen of Catholic allegiance. But though French Quebec is not likely to declare for absorption into the neighbouring Republic, it is clearly impossible to arrest the flow of emigration across the frontier. As for repatriation, it has failed wofully. Of the thousands of well-to-do French-Canadians that attended the conventions of 1874 and subsequent years, how many were induced to remain with their kindred in this province?

Of late political controversy has tended to interrupt the comparative harmony that had reigned since the initiation of the federal régime. With the bitter roots of that controversy we need not meddle now. Enough to recall that, after being confined for some years to this province, it has spread, in the most undesirable fashion, far beyond its limits. The natural result has been to draw French-speaking Catholics into closer sympathy. Needless to indicate where the fault lies—neither side being blameless. To us such a breach of the understanding, which had worked and was working so well, is most deplorable. To be sure, things are not so bad as demagogues and alarmists would have them appear. There is still a *modus vivendi*. But appeals to prejudices of race and creed always stir up old feuds that have been sleeping in

oblivion, and it would be strange if the discords of the last twelve months had left no trace. Again we hear and read all sorts of forecasts, more or less qualified by menace. If the advice of some of the preachers of enmity were taken, French and English, like the Jews and Samaritans long ago, would have no dealings with each other. But, in the face of plain facts, all these threats and taunts are the wildest folly. Whatever be the destiny of the French race out of Canada, the French and the British citizens of the Dominion can only quarrel to their mutual hurt. Providence has planted them together in a land surely large enough for them both and all their descendants that choose to enjoy their heritage. The mission of the French race in Canada is to aid in the material, intellectual and moral development of the great country that their fathers won from the savage and the wilderness. Their work in the exploring and opening up of the continent, which they had traversed to the Rocky Mountains, to Hudson's Bay and to the Gulf of Mexico, before Virginia, New England or New York had dreamed of the expanse behind them, is proudly told by Rameau and Parkman and Tassé, and by every historian of the United States. No race has more honorably won its share in North America. But in the building up of the Dominion there is enough to satisfy the highest ambition. Its oldest province is still a centre of French power, and nowhere else (as witness our own city) have the two elements combined more fruitfully for the attainment of high ends. Would the English of Lower Canada like never to see the faces of those who remind them that their country has a history, never hear the tongue spoken by Cartier, Champlain, Frontenac and Montcalm? Or would the French consent to banish their ruder, but energetic and not altogether ungenerous, fellow-citizens? The expected, the assured reply is a twofold negative. The mischief-makers are mistaken if they think they can put back the dial and arrest the march of destiny. The mission of the French and English in Canada is the same, and only by their friendly co-operation can that mission be thoroughly accomplished. But, apart from that great task, each of them is, in a very real sense, a missionary to the other. None of the writers whom we have quoted has brought this out more forcibly than Abbé Mothon, in his lecture before the *Institut Canadien*, of Quebec, on the "Present and Future of the French Race in America." He there shows that the qualities which distinguish the French are just complementary to those which make the English what they are. The defects of the one race are supplied by the other. The brilliancy, the grace, the winning courtesy and social virtues of the one supplement the steady industry, the manifold enterprise and rough endurance of the other. Together they have all the gifts and virtues which, well employed, will make a nation great. "Quis separabit?"—this must be our motto and the rule of our practice, if we would give Canada that place in civilization to which its resources, position and history entitle it.

ROPE MADE OF WOMEN'S HAIR.—Speaking before a meeting of the Methodist ministers, Bishop Fowler told of a new heathen temple in the northern part of Japan. It was of enormous size, and the timbers for the temple from their mountain homes were hauled up to the temple and put in place by ropes made from the hair of the women of the province. An edict went forth calling for the long hair of women of the province, and two ropes were made from these tresses—one 17 inches in circumference and 1,400 feet long, and the other 10 to 11 inches around and 2,600 feet long.—*Minneapolis Journal*.



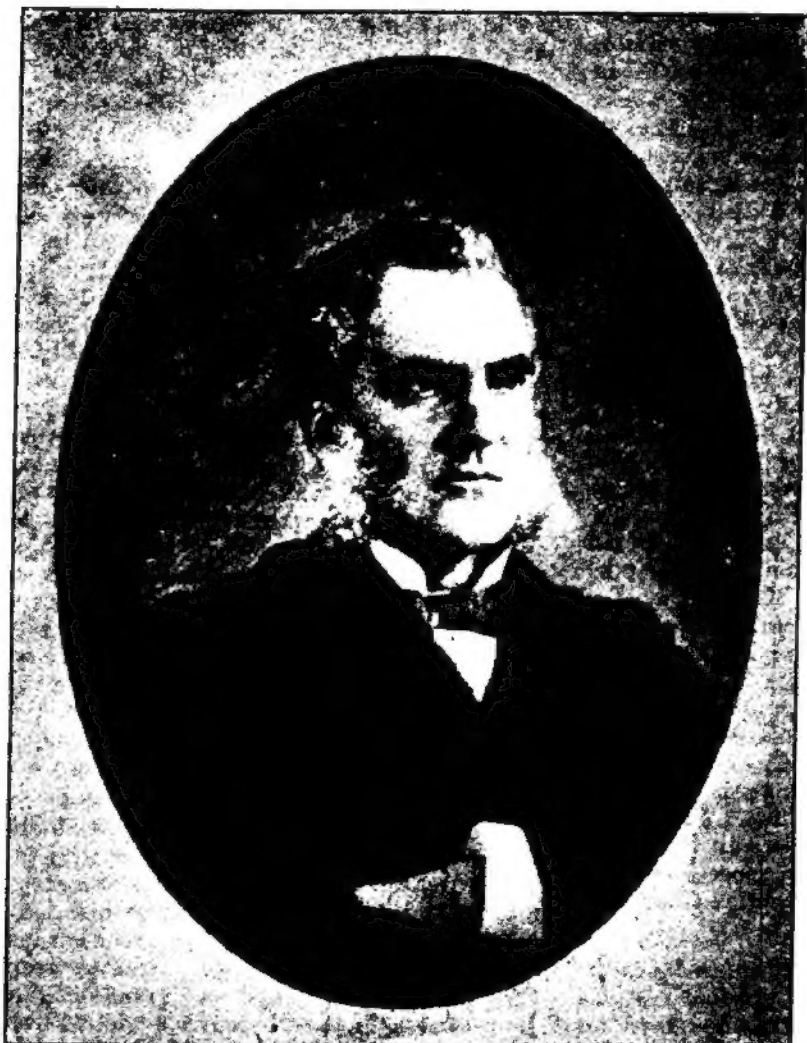
THE LATE HON. ALEXANDER MORRIS.
Norman & Fraser, photo.



THE LATE HON. H. J. CLARKE.
Norman & Fraser, photo.

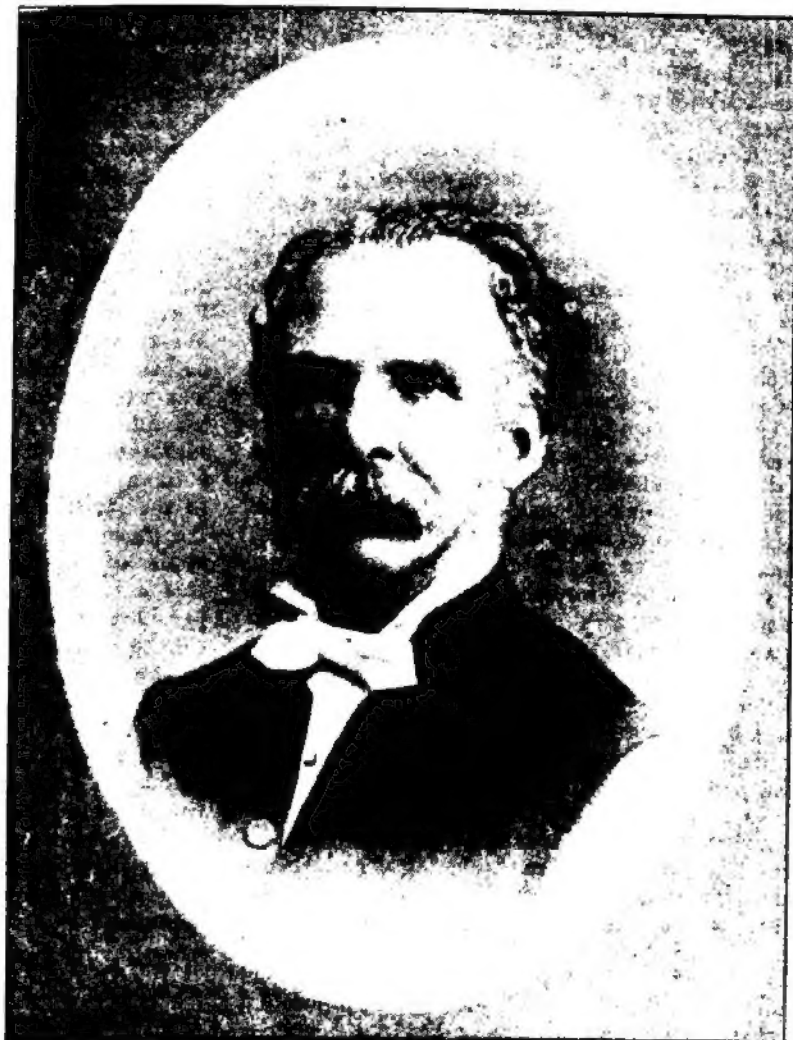


THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK, FREDERICTON.
Geo. R. Lancefield, photo.



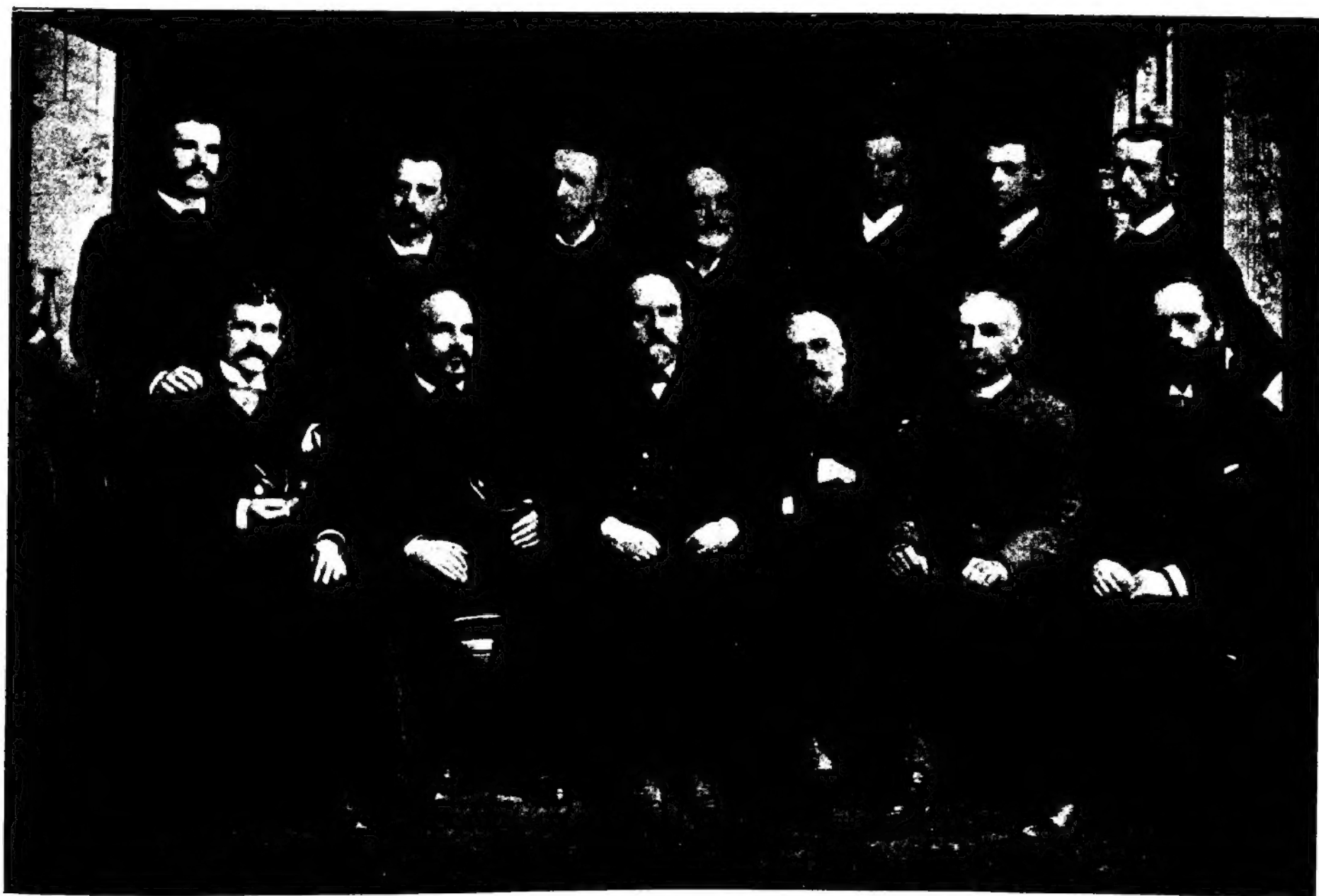
THE LATE HON. JAMES TURNER.

Topley, photo.



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THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS EDITORS' ASSOCIATION.

Presby, photo, Sherbrooke.



JAMES P. CLEGHORN, ESQ., PRESIDENT OF THE MONTREAL BOARD OF TRADE.—There is no organization that has exerted a more vivifying and fruitful influence on the enterprise and progress of Montreal than the well-known body over which Mr. J. P. Cleghorn now presides. It began its existence in the year 1838 and was incorporated by act of Parliament in 1842. From that time to the present it has been a power for good in the life of this community, quickening the movements of its home and foreign commerce, encouraging its industrial activity, and sparing no effort to make Montreal worthy of its position at the head of ocean navigation. The record of its services, which is found in the reports of the late and present secretaries, covers nearly every phase of the public weal that could occupy its attention consistently with its original purpose. To Montrealers it is most gratefully associated with the improvement of the harbour and the channel of the St. Lawrence below the city. The efficiency of our present ocean mail service is also owing not a little to its intervention. For the present, however, it must suffice to say that our Board of Trade, while ever alive to the best interests of Montreal, has not forgotten those of the country at large—if, indeed, it be possible to make such a distinction. Its generous public spirit has never lost sight of any opportunity of enhancing the prosperity and prestige of the Dominion. The earnestness with which it supported the proposal for the visit to Montreal of the British Association for the Advancement of Science in 1884 had its reward in the success of that meeting and in the satisfaction of the whole country with the result. It would be invidious to make special mention of the members of the Board who have distinguished themselves in its patriotic and eminently useful work. There is one gentleman, nevertheless, who holds a place which makes it impossible to avoid reference to him in treating of such a subject—Mr. J. P. Cleghorn, the actual president. The circumstances of Mr. Cleghorn's election in February last were such as to confirm in a remarkable manner the judgment of his colleagues as to the high esteem in which he is held; for never before in the history of the Board had the choice of officers been invested with so much interest or marked by so general a desire to secure the best men only for the respective positions. Mr. Cleghorn's promotion to the highest office was the reward of long and faithful service, and the heavy vote by which he was returned showed the practical unanimity of the choice. A senior member of one of Montreal's oldest and most important firms, that of J. G. Mackenzie & Co., wholesale dry goods, he had for many years been connected with the proceedings of the Board of Trade, and thus with the leading influences in Montreal's prosperity. After being a member of the council for many years, he was made vice-president in 1886 and second vice-president in 1887 and 1888, when Mr. (now Senator) Drummond was president. He had shown sound judgment in the discussion of the questions that came before the council, and more especially in those of the customs and of insolvency. His election was greeted with pleasure by the membership and the city, and the manner in which he has discharged his functions during the last eight months has proved that the confidence reposed in him was not misplaced.

THE LATE HENRY JOSEPH CLARKE.—The gentleman, whose portrait appears on another page, long a familiar figure in Montreal, was born in Donegal, Ireland, on July 7, 1833. His father, Francis Clarke, who was a well known citizen of Montreal, representing St. Lawrence Ward for many years as councillor and alderman, immigrated to Canada in 1836, and took part in the Rebellion of 1836-7 as Sergt.-Major of the Quebec Garrison Artillery and afterwards as commandant of police at Belle Isle. Mr. Clarke, the subject of our engraving, was educated at the old Montreal Academy and St. Mary's College. He was called to the Bar of Lower Canada in 1855 and practised his profession till 1858, when, taken with the California craze, he went to the Pacific coast, where he made his mark as a journalist on the *Alta Californian*. Returning to Montreal, he resumed his law practice and established a reputation as a criminal lawyer beside such men as Driscoll, Kerr, Ramsay, Carter, Ritchie and Devlin. His defense of Stanislaus Barreau, the murderer, is still remembered as a masterpiece of forensic ability. In politics he was a Conservative, and, under the leadership of Sir George Cartier and T. D. McGee, did good service to his party on all occasions. He contested Chateaugay in 1863 against the Hon. L. H. Holton and was defeated by a small majority. He served as captain in the 1st Battalion Prince of Wales Rifles during the Fenian Raids of 1866, and received flattering mention in a General Order for special courier service. In 1867 he was appointed a Q.C. In 1870 he was commissioned by the Cartier-Macdonald government to assist the Hon. A. G. Archibald in the organization of a provincial government for the new Province of Manitoba, and in December of that year took office as Premier and Attorney-General, with Hon. M. A. Girard, treasurer; Hon. A. Boyd, public works and agriculture, and Hon. Thos. Howard, provincial secretary. In 1874 his government resigned, and ill-health caused him to go to California, where he remained till 1877, when he re-

turned to Winnipeg and practised his profession till his death, which occurred suddenly on Sept. 13 ult., on the C.P.R. train near Medicine Hat.

THE LATE HON. SENATOR TURNER.—The late Hon. James Turner, Senator of the Dominion, whose portrait we give elsewhere in this issue, was born in Glasgow on the 31st of March, 1826. His father, the late Mr. John Turner, was a member of a noted loom manufacturing firm. Having been educated mainly at the Glasgow High School, Mr. Turner came to Canada in his 22nd year and settled in Hamilton, where he remained till his death a few weeks ago. In 1850 he married Caroline Huldah Greene, of Kingston, Ont. In business he early attained success, becoming head of the firm of James Turner & Co., importers and wholesale grocers, as well as that of Turner, Rose & Co., Montreal, and Turner, Mackeand & Co., Winnipeg. The latter branch was started in the first year of Confederation. Mr. Turner wisely foresaw the destiny that awaited Fort Garry when (as he confidently expected) the North-West would be included in the Dominion. In Hamilton he had his brother Alexander as partner. Senator Turner was widely known and esteemed, especially in the city of his adoption. He was a vice president of the Bank of Hamilton, a director of the Hamilton and North-Western Railway Company, a member of the executive committee of the Northern and North-Western, and a director of the Northern and Pacific Junction Railway Company. In the affairs of Hamilton he always took an active interest; he was a member of its Board of Trade, of which he was president in 1869, and it was a source of universal satisfaction to his fellow citizens that he was nominated a member of the Dominion Senate. In 1869 Senator Turner visited the North-West Territories in company with the late Hon. Joseph Howe, and from that date till his death seldom failed to pay Manitoba an annual visit. He travelled through a great part of the Territories, traversing the continent to the Columbia river and Edmonton. In 1882 he sailed down the Saskatchewan from Edmonton. His career throughout was one of unceasing industry, success and usefulness. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church of Canada.

WILLIAM FREDERICK POWELL.—A CANADIAN PATRIOT AND STATESMAN.—Among the names of Canadian worthies that of William Frederick Powell will always hold an honoured place. Endowed with qualities of the highest intellectual order, a generous disposition, a ready wit that never deserted him, a commanding presence, he seemed designed by nature to take a leading part in public life. When he passed away, it was felt that one who had done noble service to his country, and had given character to the early aspirations of our Canadian nationality, had left a vacancy that none who survived him could adequately fill. Mr. Powell was the youngest son of the late Colonel James Hamilton Powell, of Manor Hamilton, Ireland, and Matilda Hume, daughter of the founder of Hume's County Sligo Bank. Col. Powell came to Canada with his regiment, the 103rd, as commandant of Quebec military district. When the regiment was disbanded, with a view to the formation of a military settlement in the township surrounding Perth, Upper Canada, Col. Powell was appointed High Sheriff of Lanark and Bathurst, with his residence at Perth. There the subject of this memoir was born, April 8th, 1826, and there he received the education which he used with such brilliant advantage in after life. In 1844 he took up his residence at Bytown, now Ottawa, and at once entered upon a career of active journalism. His influence was speedily felt throughout the whole Ottawa valley and extended to all parts of the province. He was master of a vigorous, polished, yet chaste and picturesque style, and brought to the questions he discussed the luminous reflections of a mind that soared to the mountain-tops of thought and embraced in its vision the glories and triumphs of the future. In 1854 he entered the Parliament of the United Canadas as the representative of Carleton County, where he immediately rose to distinction in the ranks of the Conservative party. It was always a matter of regret to those who knew and appreciated his great abilities that he saw fit to retire from public life, which he did by accepting the shrievalty of Carleton in 1866. Confederation was then practically accomplished, and though it might have seemed that the grand purpose to which he had devoted himself had been attained, there can be no doubt that in the larger field of Dominion politics he would have taken a foremost position. As early as 1853 he advocated confederation in his newspaper with statesmanlike precision and convincing eloquence. "British connection," he then wrote, "has not yet lost its charms to our ears; and, we trust, never will, until these colonies, having in that fulness of time, when arrived at mature manhood, they shall be called upon to take a position for themselves, shall be compelled to look neither to the right nor to the left for support; but shall assume an attitude of independence, as one of the nations of the earth. To indoctrinate the people in principles of self-dependence, which may teach them to trust themselves, when prepared to issue forth from the abnormal condition of a colony, is an ambition worthy of the highest statesmanship." Mr. Powell was also among the first to advocate the Ottawa valley as the best and most natural route for railway connection with the great West, and was the chief promoter of the Canada Central, which now forms so important a link in the Canadian Pacific Railway. Another proof of his far-seeing judgment was shown in his advocacy at the time that he first championed confederation, of the commercial policy which was afterwards adopted under the name of "the

National Policy." But to his exertions more than to those of any other of his contemporaries was owing the selection of Ottawa as the seat of the federal government. Having called the representatives of the Ottawa constituencies together, when the question of upholding the Queen's decision in favour of Ottawa was pending, he was deputed by them to inform the Government that unless they were prepared to uphold that decision, he and his fellow members would be compelled to vote against them. He made his statement before a full meeting of the cabinet, and the question was then and there decided. After Mr. Powell resigned the office of sheriff, he appealed to his old constituents of Carleton for election to the House of Commons, in the general election of 1882. His address on that occasion was a masterpiece, both as a political and literary performance. Now that he is dead and gone, we may repeat what he then said of himself, admitting its truth and justice:—"During four parliaments I was your trusted representative. I fear no contrast with any man ever sent to represent the Ottawa Valley. Without one word of disparagement to the living; with kindly reverence be it spoken, without one syllable of disrespect or depreciation of the dead, I boldly call on you to say whether, when trusted with your confidence, I may not safely appeal to the record as to the faith, the honour, and the ability with which the sacred trust was discharged—if when a duty was to be performed, or an elector to be served, I ever knew any distinction of class, creed, or nationality, or failed in acting well my part." This necessarily brief sketch of an honoured and honourable career might fittingly close here. But in paying this tribute to the memory of a noble-hearted man and personal friend, the writer feels how feeble are his words to express all he would say of one who, though not without his faults,

Was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

In social life Mr. Powell was a most entertaining and agreeable companion. He had all the kindness, geniality and eloquence that belongs to his Irish origin, to which was united an immense fund of historical and general information, a most attractive and pleasant manner, and a spirit of generosity only limited by the means at his disposal. In 1857 he married Miss Wallis, of Port Hope, daughter of the late Colonel Wallis, and grand-daughter of the late John Brown, M.P. He leaves a widow, five sons and four daughters. The eldest son, Mr. F. C. Powell, is a practising barrister at Ottawa. Mr. Powell was a brother-in-law to Senator Clemow. When Canon Wilberforce went to Ottawa, and, in the interest of the Gospel Temperance Association, addressed an immense audience, Mr. Powell was the first to set the example of taking the blue ribbon, which he wore and honoured till his death. It was Sir George Cartier, we believe, who gave Mr. Powell the appellation of "The Beauty of Carleton," on account of his handsome person and the elegance of his appearance and manners. Probably no man was more beloved and admired by his children and relations. In the family circle he was fairly idolized, and the pride with which he regarded his sons and daughters was reciprocated by the most tender affection. At the time of his death Mr. Powell was president of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, and ex-Grand Master of the Orange Association, both of which societies followed his remains in a body to their last resting place.

THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS PRESS ASSOCIATION.—We have much pleasure in presenting our readers—especially those of them who are concerned in journalism—with a fine group of Eastern Townships journalists. Though a young organization, the Eastern Townships Press Association numbers in its ranks some of the ablest writers and business men in the Province of Quebec. A glance at the portraits on another page will, indeed, be sufficient to show that the association is made up of men of no inferior stamp.

MR. W. E. JONES, M.A., THE EDITOR OF THE RICHMOND "GUARDIAN."—The central figure in the front row of the group is Mr. Jones, the President of the Association, who, next after Mr. Robinson (who sits to the right of the president) is the senior of the Eastern Townships journalists. He is a native of Swansea, the manufacturing capital of Wales, where he was born on the 12th of May, 1828. His earliest connection with journalism dates back to 1847, in which and the years following he was special correspondent for the London *Morning Chronicle* in Ireland during the rebellion and famine periods. He afterwards went into business as a shipowner and timber importer, and in 1858 emigrated to this country. Soon after coming here he purchased the *Advocate*, then recently established by Mr. Smith, now of the *Coaticook Observer*, and changed its name to the *Guardian*. Some of the earliest articles on the protective tariff and on confederation appeared in this paper. Mr. Jones is a very vigorous writer, of marked independence. In politics he is a Conservative with strong reforming tendencies. His strong individuality has put the *Guardian* in the front rank of the Eastern Townships journals. Though his style of writing is vehement and positive, he is popular among his *confrères*, as is proved by his unanimous election to the presidency of the new Press Association. Mr. Jones is an active politician, and has been twice defeated as a candidate for parliamentary honours. For thirty years he has been secretary-treasurer of the Municipality of Cleveland, and is a recognized authority on municipal law and practice. He is also a J. P. for the province, and for many years was chairman of the local Board of Examiners of school teachers. He was

sent to England in 1871 by the Provincial Government as special Emigration Commissioner, and his lectures there and in Scotland received very flattering notices in the leading newspapers. He is a very ardent prohibitionist and an active temperance campaigner. He was the founder, in connection with his son-in-law (the late Wm. Bowden), of the *Coaticook Observer*, and for a couple or more years published, all at one time, no less than four newspapers editing them all—viz., the *Canada Scotsman*, the *Megantic Argus*, the *Danville Union*, and the *Guardian*. Mr. Jones has written some creditable poetry, but of late years he has not courted the muses with his old-time ardour.

MR. F. H. HERBERT, OF "LE PIONNIER," SHERBROOKE, P.Q.—Mr. Herbert has been local reporter since the fall of last year, and was previously engaged in agricultural pursuits. He was born in St. Aimé, County of Richelieu, on the 7th September, 1861. For several years before he joined the regular staff of the *Pionnier*, he was a voluminous correspondent of that paper, and contributed a number of interesting articles to its columns.

MR. A. DE HAERNE.—This gentleman, one of the editors of *Le Pionnier*, is a native of Belgium and thirty-nine years of age. He was chief editor for four years. He was a non-commissioned officer in the Pontifical Zouaves, in which he served at the siege of Rome in 1870. In the Franco-Prussian war he had a lieutenant's commission in the corps of General Chanzy, and was a lieutenant-colonel in the Turkish army during the last Russo-Turkish war. The Belgian Conservative Government appointed him a Vice-Governor, but he was removed on the advent to power of their Liberal successors. He afterwards resided for five years in Paris, where he was employed as translator for a number of foreign papers. The breaking down of his health obliged him to give up a sedentary life, and he came to Canada, settling in Stoke, near Sherbrooke, where he farmed for some time. He took the oath of allegiance and became a British subject in 1886. Mr. de Haerne is correspondent for several leading French and Belgian journals.

MR. J. A. CHICOYNE, MANAGING DIRECTOR AND EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF "LE PIONNIER,"—Mr. Chicoyne is in the prime of life, being forty-five years old. His connection with the press dates almost from his boyhood, and at twenty-one he was regularly in harness as an editorial writer on the *Courier de St. Hyacinthe*, contributing also to *L'Opinion Publique* and *La Minerve* up to 1874. Quite an amount of literature from his pen is scattered over the record of these years on his favourite subject of colonization and agriculture; many of these articles appeared in *Le Pionnier* before Mr. Chicoyne became permanently attached to the staff of that paper three years ago. He made four European tours in connection with Canadian colonization, visiting and lecturing in England, France, Belgium, Switzerland and Italy, and studied the political and social questions of the day in these countries. The agriculture and advanced farming of many parts of Europe occupied much of his attention, and have been the subject of many valuable contributions to the press of Canada. Mr. Chicoyne is a strong and graceful writer, thoroughly informed on all the political and social questions of the day. He is also a fine platform speaker, in which rôle he has few superiors. He is one of the councillors for the city of Sherbrooke.

MR. GEORGE H. BRADFORD.—This gentleman, who is publisher of the *Sherbrooke Gazette*, was born in Sherbrooke. He first worked on the *Canadian Times* in 1856-58. He was connected with the *Sherbrooke Times* in 1858-59; with the *Sherbrooke Leader* in 1859; with the *Commercial Advertiser*, New York city, in 1860-61; with the *Green Mountain Express* in 1862-; with the *Morning Post and Times*, Chicago, in 1864-67; with the *Caledonian*, St. Johnsbury, Vt., from 1867 to 1870. He purchased the *Sherbrooke Gazette* in 1870 in partnership with Mr. W. A. Morehouse. In 1875 he bought out Mr. Morehouse's interest and the good will of the business, and entered into partnership with his brother, Mr. H. Bradford and the late Mr. John Calder. In 1884 he purchased his brother's interest in the business, and since then he has carried on the business alone. Mr. Bradford rarely writes for his paper, his attention being almost exclusively given to the publishing department. He is a good man of business and has been quite successful. Under his careful supervision, the *Gazette* has kept its place as one of the foremost newspapers of the Townships. It is the oldest of them and has a large circulation.

MR. EDWIN AVERY.—This gentleman, now editor of the *Sherbrooke Gazette*, was born in London, Eng., in 1836, and came to Canada in the year of Confederation, 1867. The first few years of his residence in the Dominion were spent in Cayuga, where he acted as Deputy Clerk of the Peace for the County of Haldimand, and was a frequent contributor to the *Haldimand Advocate*. In 1873 he came to Lennoxville, and was for some time English master and bursar at Bishop's College School. On the retirement of Mr. Hunter Bradford from the *Sherbrooke Gazette* in 1884, Mr. Avery entered that office, and subsequently, in 1887, assumed the position he now occupies of editor of that journal. He is a careful writer and well informed on general topics. His editorials frequently afford proof of scholarship and are always readable. Mr. Avery may be classed as a good all-round man for a country journal, and has many qualifications for a more ambitious position in the "fourth estate."

MR. M. D. COREY.—This gentleman, who is editor and publisher of the *Bedford Times*, is the youngest son of the late Lindol Corey, P.L.S., and was born at Stanbridge

Ridge, Missisquoi, on the 10th of June, 1849. His first venture in journalism was made in June, 1885, when he founded the *Missisquoi Record*, published at Stanbridge East until the destruction of the office in 1888. He then removed to Bedford, to take charge of the *Times*, which he purchased from Mr. Loynes. As previously with the *Record*, he fills both positions of editor and publisher, and not unfrequently stands at the case. He is a Conservative in politics. The editorials in the *Times* have great merit both for sound sense and literary finish. He is a thoughtful writer, with a good deal of reserved force, which is kept in check by a temperament peculiarly modest and amiable.

MR. L. C. BELANGER.—This well-known journalist was born at Fapide Plat, near St. Hyacinthe, in the parish of Ste. Rosalie, County of Bagot. He was educated at St. Hyacinthe College, an institution famous for having sent forth many distinguished politicians. He moved to Sherbrooke in 1860 and entered upon the study of law under the late W. L. Fenton, Q.C., and was admitted to the Bar in 1866. He formed a law partnership with Mr. Cabana, now Q.C. and joint prothonotary of the St. Francis district. He is still actively engaged in the practice of law, and is Crown Prosecutor for his district. In conjunction with Mr. Cabana, he started the *Pionnier*, the first French newspaper published in the Eastern Townships. The partnership was dissolved in 1874, when, with his brother, L. A. Belanger, he assumed control of the *Sherbrooke News*, and published *Le Progrès* from the same office until 1878. In that year the removal of his brother to Worcester, Mass., and the sale of the *News*, severed his connection with the press for a while. The *Courier de Worcester*, which was conducted by Mr. L. A. Belanger, some time after passed into the hands of two other brothers, and Mr. L. A. Belanger returned to Sherbrooke in 1883. *Le Progrès*, which had been printed in Worcester, resumed publication, and is still continued. The subject of this sketch is an occasional contributor to its editorial columns. The *Progrès de l'Est* has fought its way very successfully amongst its older contemporaries, and is edited with great spirit and ability. It is the only semi-weekly paper in the Townships, and publishes also a weekly edition. In politics it is Independent-Conservative, and at present very warmly supports the Mercier Government. Mr. Belanger was married in 1866 to Miss Unsworth, a daughter of James Unsworth, who was for many years engaged on the editorial staff of the *Montreal Gazette*, and afterwards, until his death in 1854, G.T.R. agent at St. Hyacinthe. Mrs. Belanger is a niece of John Hatton, the celebrated musical composer, and her brother is chief superintendent of government railways in P. E. Island. Mr. Belanger has a recognized standing among Quebec journalists as a man of great ability.

MR. E. S. STEVENS.—The eldest son of Major S. A. Stevens, Mr. E. S. Stevens, was born in Sherbrooke on the 21st of November, 1856. He commenced the printing trade in 1870 with Messrs. Bradford & Morehouse in the office of the *Sherbrooke Gazette*. In 1875 he entered the office of Mr. W. A. Morehouse, where he held the position of foreman until May, 1882, when he purchased an interest in the *Sherbrooke Examiner*, and became a member of the firm of W. A. Morehouse & Co. Upon the formation of the Eastern Townships Press Association, he was elected secretary-treasurer.

MR. W. A. MOREHOUSE.—This gentleman, who is proprietor of the *Sherbrooke Examiner*, was born in the parish of St. Thomas, P.Q., Dec. 8, 1843. At an early age his parents removed to Stanstead Plain, where his youth was spent. In 1859, at the age of 15, he entered the office of the *Sherbrooke Gazette*, edited and published by the late Joseph H. Walton. He remained with that gentleman until the winter of 1864, when he went to the Military School in Montreal, then under command of Lord Alex. Russell, of the 1st Batt. Rifle Brigade. He remained in Montreal a year or so, being twice called to the front to serve with his company during the Fenian excitement. In 1867 he took charge of the *Guardian* office, Richmond, during the candidature of the editor of that paper, W. E. Jones, Esq., for parliamentary honours. In 1868 Mr. Walton persuaded him to return to Sherbrooke as foreman of his office. He continued with him until 1870, when he succeeded, with the assistance of some friends, in purchasing the plant and good-will of the *Gazette*, and, in company with Mr. G. H. Bradford, entered on the publication of that paper. In 1875 he sold out his share in it and opened a job printing establishment, and in 1878 undertook the publication of the *Sherbrooke Examiner*, which he continues to publish. He still retains his ardour for military life, and is second in command of the 53rd Battalion, one of the best equipped corps of the province. Mr. Morehouse rarely writes a leading article, though his natural ability and long experience of journalism eminently fit him for that work. His broad liberality of sentiment and great amiability are reflected in the *Examiner*, which in many respects is a model country newspaper. It has an extensive circulation.

MR. ERNEST SIMPSON THOMAS.—This young journalist is the eldest son of Charles M. Thomas, Esq., Registrar of Stanstead. Born at Melbourne, P.Q., November 18th, 1867, and educated at Stanstead Wesleyan College, under Principal A. Lee Holmes, he entered the printing business eight years ago as a job printer at Stanstead, P.Q. After four years' jobbing, he began the publication of the *Stanstead Advertiser*, which he edited. The *Advertiser*, at first a monthly, was changed to a weekly in December, 1887, under the name of the *Independent Times and Advertiser*.

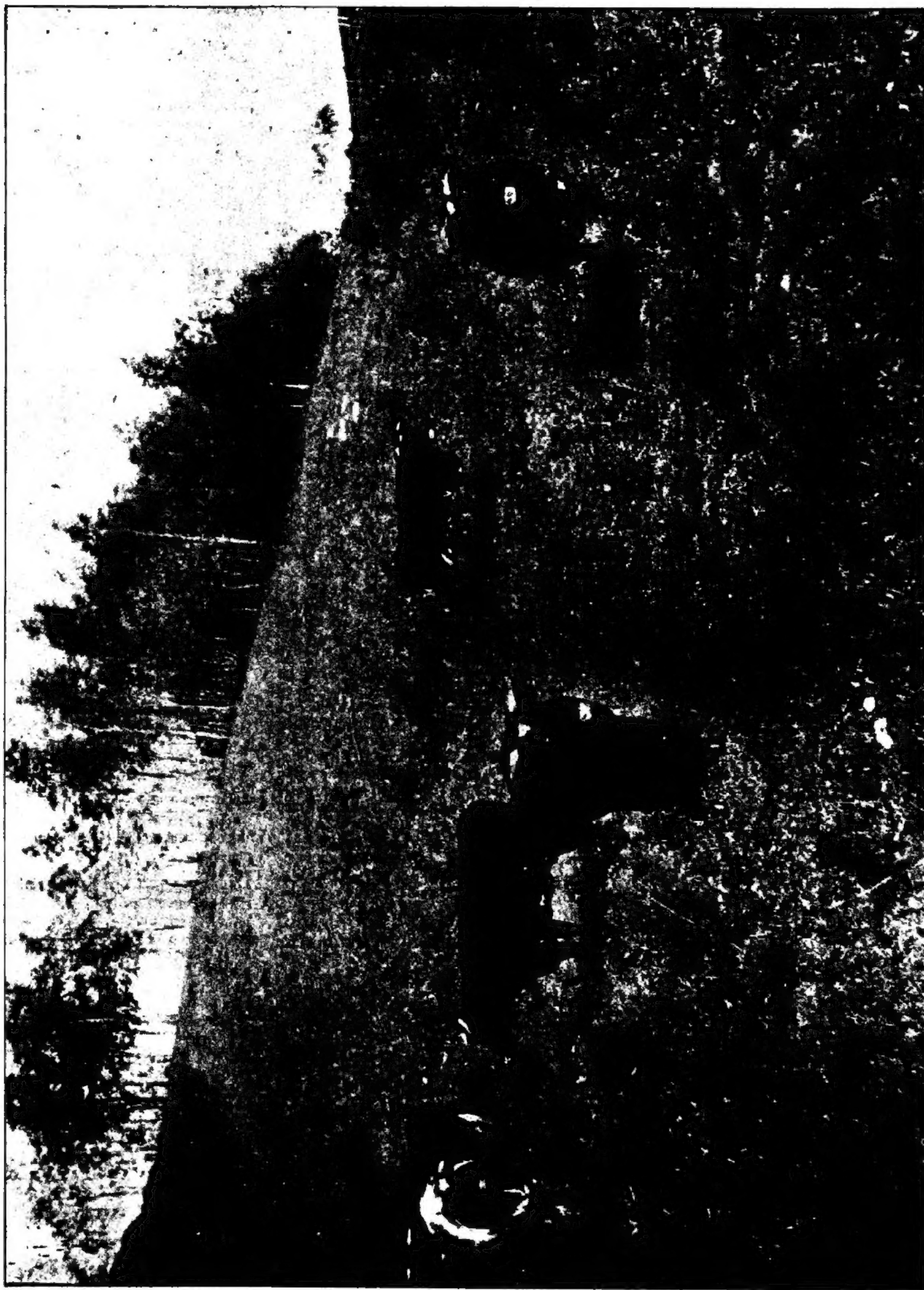
In June, 1889, together with Mr. T. L. Quimby, he purchased the *Cowansville Observer*, and removed to Cowansville. Mr. Thomas has not yet "won his spurs," but his articles in the defunct *Times* gave promise of unusual editorial ability. His partner has principal charge of that department.

MR. L. R. ROBINSON.—Mr. Robinson, the editor, proprietor and publisher of the *Stanstead Journal*, is the father of the Townships press, having started the *Journal* in 1845, when there was only one other English newspaper south of the St. Lawrence. It was quite a small sheet at first, but was afterwards twice enlarged. He is a native of Fairhaven, Vermont, where he learned the printing trade—commencing at 15 years of age. His father, a Congregational minister, was a lineal descendant of John Robinson of Pilgrim fame, who was the acknowledged leader of the heroic band that landed at Plymouth Rock. The subject of this sketch is a great-grandson of that historic character. Mr. Robinson has closely attended to his business for now over forty years, and has been fairly successful, having succeeded in bringing up a large family and placing them in advantageous positions in life. He is very greatly respected, and has been honoured by his fellow citizens on several occasions, by being invested with positions of trust and responsibility. He has been mayor of Stanstead, and being a solid man of excellent judgment, and more than ordinary ability, he is regarded throughout the country as a wise councillor and friend. The *Journal* bears the stamp of these qualities, the articles in it and its comments on current events are always marked by a vigorous common sense and moderation. There is nothing *blatant* or sensational in Mr. Robinson's writing; but it shows the man of strong and honest convictions, and hence it has always been an influential moulder of public opinion. The *Journal* is a newsy sheet and a household institution in Stanstead. Mr. Robinson is also very popular with his *confrères*, and has established a high character for conscientiousness. He is, moreover, an extremely modest man, and a stern moralist—one whom politics have not corrupted.

MR. T. LEE QUIMBY.—Mr. Quimby is the Benjamin of the Eastern Townships editors, though he writes with all the confidence of an old stager; and he writes well—with uncommon freedom and vim. When a mere boy he showed great aptness for what the old people around him used to call "scribbling," and he has cultivated that faculty with not a little success. For years before he wedded himself to journalism, he had been a frequent contributor to the periodicals and newspapers, and many of his contributions are decidedly good. His forte is pungency; he hits hard, but, withal, is good natured. Mr. Quimby was born in Stanstead on the 13th of June, 1864. His father, Mr. T. A. Quimby, was one of the best known and most highly respected men in the county, where he held many positions of trust. Quimby, jr., was educated at Stanstead Wesleyan College. In the summer of the present year he and his present partner, Mr. Thomas, purchased the *Cowansville Observer*, which he edits with considerable ability. It is scarcely safe to predict what his future as an editor will be, but in all human probability it would be a pretty sure guess to say that he will prove himself much above the average country journalist.

THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK, FREDERICTON.—This is one of the oldest degree conferring institutions in the Dominion. In 1800 the College of New Brunswick was established by provincial charter. In 1828 it received the further privilege of incorporation by Royal Charter, under the name of Kings College, Fredericton, with full university powers. By an amended charter its constitution was still further modified in 1860, when it was denominated "The University of New Brunswick," by which name it is still known. The university building is a fine substantial stone structure, and is situated on a commanding elevation in the rear of the city. The prospect from the tower is comprehensive, embracing portions of three counties. The university is well equipped, has an efficient staff of professors and has trained some of the most eminent of the professional and public men of the province and the Dominion. The Lieut.-Governor is Visitor of the University on behalf of Her Majesty.

SHORT-HORN CATTLE ON BINSICARTH STOCK FARM, MANITOBA.—Even before the North-West was opened up, it was known that it offered unusual advantages for the raising of cattle. For centuries it had supported countless herds of buffalo, and its value as a grazing country was, therefore, beyond question. Since the beginning of immigration in recent years, its facilities in that respect have been abundantly tested. The richness and luxuriance of the native grasses, the vast ranges of unoccupied land, the dryness and healthiness of the winter, were all inducements to the investment of capital in stock-raising. The testimony of those who have engaged in ranching is no less favourable than that of the wheat-growers. Published letters from settlers in Manitoba and the Territories speak volumes as to the results of this class of farming, which, nevertheless, is yet in its infancy. The export trade in cattle fed on the juicy grasses of the prairies has already reached a point which is more than a fulfilment of the hopes entertained at first, and the development of this industry is becoming more rapid every year. An interesting feature of it is the organization of great farms, some managed by companies, others by enterprising individuals, of which there is now a considerable number, both in Manitoba and beyond it. One of these is the Binsicarth Stock Farm, on the line of the Manitoba and North-Western, about forty



SHORT HORN CATTLE, BINSARTH STOCK FARM.

J. F. Rowe, photo., Fortage La Prairie, Man.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE SHAM FIGHT AT TORONTO, ON NOVEMBER 7th, THANKSGIVING DAY.

From a sketch by A. H. H. Heming.

miles from the terminus at Saltcoats. It may be remembered that it was one of the points visited by the Governor-General during his recent tour. His Excellency was much pleased by the signs of prosperity that he saw, and especially with the various breeds of cattle, of which some specimens are shown in our engraving. Some of the finest strains of short-horns are to be met with in these Manitoba and North-Western ranches, and the Binscarth Farm is justly proud of what it can show in this line. Such cattle thrive in our North-West in a manner that has surprised and gratified British experts like Professors Tanner and Fream.

THE SHAM FIGHT AT TORONTO ON THANKSGIVING DAY.—We present our readers with three engravings of this interesting military display, which will long be remembered with pleasure by volunteer circles in Toronto as well as by their brethren from Hamilton and Brantford who took part in it. The event had for some weeks been looked forward to with eager expectancy and, when the day arrived, nothing occurred to disappoint the hopes of those who had taken so much pains to make it a success. For the crowds, to whom it was a desirable holiday pageant, the satisfaction experienced was unmingled with either anxiety or toil. Occasionally, indeed, the spectators were too much *en evidence* for the free movement of the troops engaged in such critical evolutions. The site chosen was favourable, and, as the successive corps marched on to the ground, their soldierly appearance aroused deserved admiration. The *locale* was a clear level plain a few miles outside of the westerly limit of the city. On three sides of it were deep, brush-covered ravines—a feature which offered sufficient scope for the exercise of generalship to either the defending or attacking force. At half-past nine the umpires were present—all mounted and distinguished by broad white bands on their left arms—to receive instructions from the general. These gentlemen, who discharged their duties very effectively, were Lieut. Col. Otter, D.A.G.; Lieut. Col. Grasett, R.L.; Lieut. Col. Miller, R.L.; Lieut. Col. Gray, Dist. Staff; Lieut. Col. Wayling, York Rangers; Major McSpadden, York Rangers; Major King, Welland Field Battery; Major Vidal, C. Co. I.S.C.; Major Dunn, G.G.B.G.; Capt. Wise, Headquarters Staff; Capt. Baldwin, 2nd Regt. Cavalry; Capt. Manton, Royal Engineers; Capt. Dickson, G.G.B.G. The troops on the field were the Queen's Own, the Royal Grenadiers, a detachment of eighty-two men from "C" Company, Infantry School Corps, the Thirteenth Battalion from Hamilton, and the Dufferin Rifles from Brantford. The Queen's Own was commanded by Major Delamere, with Major Sankey and Captain and Adjutant Macdonald as field officers. The total strength of the regiment was 590. Surgeon Lesslie, Assistant-Surgeon Nattress and Quartermaster Heakes were also present. The special corps of Mounted Scouts was commanded by Lieutenant Mercer. The Royal Grenadiers numbered 425. Lieut. Col. Dawson, Majors Harrison and Mason, Captain Bruce (Paymaster), Captain Tassie (Quartermaster), and Capt. Manley (Adjutant), constituted the staff. The officers of the Infantry School Corps were Lieuts. Laurie and Macpherson (Governor-General's Foot Guards), and Lieut. Stevenson (57th Batt.) These were created *pro tem.* two companies of the Thirteenth. The latter, who reached Toronto by train in the morning, attracted notice by their fine appearance and steady march. The total strength was 393, thus distributed:—A Company 43; B Company 50; C Company 38; D Company 53; E Company 37; F Company 44; G Company 45; H Company 41. Capt. Stuart, the adjutant, was acting as senior major, while Lieut. Carpenter assumed the duties of adjutant. The regimental surgeon was Dr. Griffin. The addition of two companies formed from the Infantry School Corps put the battalion in possession of two sergeant-majors, Sergt.-Major Cummings, of C Company, and Sergt.-Major Athawes, of the 13th. The Dufferin Rifles had a total strength of all ranks of 365—the authorized strength being 278. Lieut. Col. C. S. Jones commanded, with the following gentlemen as staff officers: Majors B. R. Rothwell and T. H. Jones; Adjutant, Capt. W. A. Wilkes; Surgeon, W. T. Harris; Assistant-Surgeon, H. Minchin; Paymaster, Capt. S. S. Hamilton; Quartermaster, Capt. R. R. Harris; Chaplain, Rev. R. Ashton. The Rifles were composed of six companies, a brass band of 24, a bugle band of 23, an ambulance corps of 8, 8 pioneers, and a bicycle signal corps (8), which attracted much attention. The men were all in soldierly trim, their bearing was excellent, and they performed their evolutions with precision. As soon as the Dufferin Rifles (who had been delayed by a railway accident) fell in, Col. Jones, as senior officer, took command of the attack, and the plan of attack was laid down and the disposition of troops made. Capt. Macdonald was given command of the west flank, consisting of F Company Dufferin Rifles, Capt. Nelles, I Company Queen's Own, under Lieut. Crean, and G Company Queen's Own, under Capt. Bennet. They were instructed to follow Jane street, and turn the enemy's right. The east flank, in command of Major Jones, consisted of D Company Queen's Own, Capt. Mason, and D Company Dufferin Rifles, Lieut. Curtis. This detachment was ordered to proceed along Ellis avenue, and attack the enemy on the left. The main attack was on the centre, the route being up Windermere street. The skirmishers were extended in the following order from the left:—A Company Dufferin Rifles, Sergt. Kilmaster; H and B companies Queen's Own, Capt. Gunther; C Company Dufferin Rifles, Capt. Leonard, Major Sankey and Capt. Wilkes were in command of the skirmishers. Supports were extended as follows from the left:—A Company Queen's Own, Captain

Thompson; E Company Queen's Own, Capt. Mutton; F Company Dufferin Rifles, Capt. Jones. The reserves were: F Company Queen's Own, Capt. McGee; K Company Queen's Own, Capt. Brock, and B Company Dufferin Rifles. The Dufferin Rifles' bands and the Queen's Own Rifles' bands acted as a third reserve line. Lieut. Col. Gibson was in command of the defending brigade. The following were his arrangements:—D and G companies of the Grenadiers were temporarily disbanded, and were distributed to make up a six company battalion. E, A and F companies were to form part of the firing or first line of defence, and were to take position on the right of the centre line. Three companies of the 13th would constitute the centre of the firing line, and the two companies composed of the Infantry School Corps would be extended to the left. The second and third lines, or the reserves, as they may be termed, would be composed of the remaining five companies of the 13th Battalion, and of B, C and H companies of the Grenadiers. This plan was, on the whole, in accordance with the arrangements prescribed in the drill book. The defending force, after a tough fight and some marvellous escapes from annihilation, was driven back. After the mimic war an inspection took place. Our engravings show the positions of the contending armies at three stages of the conflict. One of them gives a general idea of the fight. A second shows the Grenadiers and the Thirteenth Battalion in the act of taking up their positions. The third shows the Queen's Own skirmishing in the woods, and is a vivid illustration of a class of warfare, the ignorance of which contributed so much to England's defeat in the American Revolution. Our readers will, we are sure, agree with us, that in these sketches our artist, Mr. Hemming, has done himself credit.

THE BABY SHOW.—This suggests a kind of exhibition with which we in Canada have not grown familiar, and which is a not infrequent addition to the attractions of fairs on the continent of Europe, and has occasionally been tried in the same connection in the United States. It comes under the same category as the beauty competitions, some of the results of which we have already presented to our readers. In our engraving the artist has seized a characteristic feature of a show of a less reprehensible character, which every mother will understand.

THE LATE HON. ALEXANDER MORRIS. FIRST CHIEF-JUSTICE OF MANITOBA, EX-LT.-GOVERNOR OF MANITOBA, THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES KEEWATIN, P.C., ETC.

It is not often that it falls to the lot of man to see the dream of his youth, the object of his life realized. Such has been the exceptional case with the subject of the present memoir. This dream was not a commonplace one; but was that of an enthusiastic patriot, who sought to secure the union of the then disjointed provinces of British North America, and to embrace therewith the vast possessions of the Hudson's Bay Company, then the home of the Indian and the Bison. The part that he took in securing this object may here be briefly stated, leaving it to some future Parkman to trace this interesting epoch in Canadian history step by step, or to some Tennyson to chant an *in memoriam*. It is with Mr. Morris's public career that we have to deal, although it may be stated that his private character was irreproachable, and that his works as a zealous Christian, a practical supporter of educational institutions, and of commercial activity, were most marked. In person and manner he was noble and attractive. To see him was to feel that he was a friend and a gentleman, and to know him was to love him.

As a pioneer in the patriotic work he undertook, the brunt of the battle told heavily on him. Confining ourselves to Canadian history, it may be remarked that such men as La Salle and Dollard were pioneers, and, although their heads will ever be crowned with the laurel, their deaths could only have been cheered with a hope of future appreciation by their fellowmen. The late Hon. Alexander Morris was born on the 17th March, 1826, in the town of Perth, Ont., and was the eldest son of the late Hon. Wm. Morris. After leaving St. Andrew's College, Glasgow, he entered McGill University, and there graduated in Arts and Law, his object having been chiefly to aid, with a few of his fellow students-at-law, in starting a law class in connection with the university. This was done under the late Hon. Mr. Justice Badgley, and, although it may not be generally known, it materially aided in reviving interest in the McGill College, and eventually prepared the way for the appointment of the present Principal, Sir Wm. Dawson, to this university, which he has raised to its high educational rank. In this connection it may be added that Queen's College, Kingston, which owes its charter to the late Hon. Wm. Morris, realizes the aid afforded to it in later years by the Hon. Alexander Morris, his son.

When a student-at-law Mr. Morris secured the passage of a bill in the legislatures of Quebec and Ontario for reciprocity in admission to the Bar. This was done to bring the two systems and the members of the two Bars together for mutual action and the assimilation of the commercial laws of the two provinces. Shortly after, having been called to the Bars of Quebec and of Ontario he evinced that enthusiasm for political, or rather patriotic, effort to place Canada in her true position in connection with the British Empire and in her right status before the world. Doubtless the writings of Haliburton, Carmichael-Smyth, Howe, Roebuck, Roche and others, had inspired him, but the seed fell in ground ready to bear fruit. In 1858 he de-

livered two lectures in Montreal—the one entitled "Nova Britannia," the other "The Hudson's Bay and Pacific Territories." We quote the key-note of the first lecture, which detailed the extent, resources, and possibilities of the several provinces of the then Canada in truthful but glowing terms:—"The dealing with the destinies of a future Britannic Empire, the shaping its course, the laying its foundations broad and deep, and the erecting thereon a noble and enduring superstructure, are indeed duties which may well evoke the energies of our people and nerve the arms and give power and enthusiasm to the aspirations of all true patriots."

In the second lecture, after describing the North-West Territories and the Pacific Coast, he says:—"Who can doubt of the future of these British provinces or of the entire and palpable reality of that vision which rises so grandly before us of the British Empire of the north—of that new English-speaking nation which will at once and at no distant day people all this northern continent—a Russia as has been well said, it may be, but yet an English Russia, with free institutions, with high civilization, and entire freedom of speech and thought, with its face to the south and its back to the Pole, with its right and left resting on the Atlantic and the Pacific, and with the telegraph and the iron road connecting the two oceans."

That a little leaven leavens the lump when ready to receive is herein exemplified, as Sir George Stephen, who presided over the syndicate which built this "iron road," told Mr. Morris a few years since, but after the Canadian Pacific Railway had been completed, that he had listened to these two lectures and was then fully convinced of the possibilities of Canada and the correctness of Mr. Morris's anticipations and suggestions.

It is interesting to note in connexion with Mr. Morris's parliamentary career (which began as the member for the constituency long represented by his late father, the Hon. Wm. Morris, namely, South Lanark) that our present Premier, the Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald owes his first seat, as a Cabinet Minister, to the late Hon. Wm. Morris, the then Solicitor-General in the Ministry of Lord Metcalfe, and the strong man of the then Government. Thus our Premier, who has ever since maintained a supremacy in the Councils of Canada, and who will hereafter be truly recognized as the "Father of his country," was destined to have the son of the Hon. Mr. Morris to be the pilot in the Confederation of Canada, which has been successfully attained under his administration, and will be his chief glory. That Mr. Morris was a faithful pilot of his Captain's ship and carried it safely through a stormy and dangerous voyage is well known. No one knows it better than the Captain himself.

Mr. Morris from natural capacity was broad in his views and his professional training helped him to grasp constitutional questions and to secure wise legislation, while the magnetism of the orator gave effect to his statements in Parliament. He spoke but seldom, but when he did speak he was listened to, and his sound counsel afforded food for reflection. To judgment he added tact, and to tact the magic of persuasion, which he successfully used in his after career with the native-born orators of the prairies. It was not easy to combat his logic or to evade the effect of the kind but earnest gleam of his eye.

His opportunity soon arrived in Parliament, where he had accepted the portfolio of Minister of Inland Revenue at the hands of his father's early *protégé*. When the Macdonald and Brown parties had from even balance and consequent impotence brought the political direction of the country to a state of collapse, Mr. Morris sprang to the rescue, and, of his own motion, exposed the necessities in the interest of the common weal of a union of power to secure the union of the disunited members of the then Canada and succeeded in inducing a coalition government, and the consequent confederation of the provinces under the British North America Act of 1867 and the purchase in 1870 of the Hudson's Bay charter rights. To this D'Arcy McGee testified in his speech before Parliament in 1865 when he said, referring to the member of South Lanark and the pamphlet "Nova Britannia" before mentioned:—"He has been one of the principal agents in bringing into existence the present government, which is now carrying out the idea embodied in his book."

The division of these North-West Territories next followed. Manitoba was erected as a province and the remainder of the territories left for future partition. The present Sir Adams G. Archibald was appointed Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba, and he treated for the surrender of the rights of a branch of the Cree Indians to the territories in proximity to Manitoba. (See Morris, *Indian Treaties*, Clarke, 1880.) The organization of a new territory now attracting immigrants from the older provinces, and the conflicting interests of the half-breeds, who were "showing their teeth," necessitated the establishment of order through courts of law. Sir John A. Macdonald considered Mr. Morris "the right man in the right place" to effect this; and, thereupon, created him the Chief-Justice, on whom fell more labour in organization than usually falls to the lot of such a dignitary of the law.

That Mr. Morris appreciated his duties is shown by his address when he entered on his charge, from which we quote:—"The establishment of social institutions—the laying the foundations of law and order are always eras in the history of a new country; and respect for the laws, and due and orderly regard for the requirements of civil power are prominent characteristics of the races who are under the British supremacy." Much had to be done and but little time was allowed to Mr. Morris, who, considering his

opportunities, worked wonders, as two months after his appointment as Chief Justice, he was wanted to fill the office of Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba on the retirement of Sir Adams G. Archibald, and to "dress into line" the inexperienced legislators of the new province and to direct to a great extent the legislation. This he did to the satisfaction of the Macdonald Ministry, and of the Mackenzie Government, who succeeded it on the retirement of the former government. This, it will be remembered, occurred in consequence of the negotiations for a transcontinental railway with the late Sir Hugh Allan. The urgency of the case to meet the pledge to British Columbia for railway connexion within a short time, which was on the eve of expiring, necessitated, if it did not justify, precipitancy. The policy of the Macdonald Government aimed at was the immediate construction of a railway to anticipate settlement. The Mackenzie Government projected a combined water route with a railway to be built as immigration advanced. But, delay occurring, British Columbia became restive, and the loyalty of the Pacific Province to the Confederation of Canada, if not to British connexion, perilous. Added to this, the Indian proprietary rights in the Assiniboine and Saskatchewan prairies had not been acquired, and however the Crees might be regarded, there was no doubt as to the power and warlike propensities of the Blackfeet and Sioux Indians, the latter fresh from the United States and brooding over their wrongs, while their hands were still red with the Custer massacre. Immigrants particularly from Britain were anxiously looking from afar at the coveted prairies stretching from the Red River to the Rockies, but dared not enter. In this crisis of affairs Mr. Morris was called on to treat with the Indians and to offer them terms to secure safe and peaceful occupation to the white settler, and to provide for the temporary sustenance of the Indian and his future civilization. The story is well told in the "Treaties of Canada," before referred to, and explains the policy proposed by the Government:—"They are wards of Canada, let us do our duty by them and secure in the North-West the success which has attended our dealings with them in old Canada for the last one hundred years."

Mr. Morris completed his term of office and returned to Ontario, where, feeling his health to be failing, he did not seek re-election to the Dominion Parliament, but entered the Legislature of Ontario as member for East Toronto, from which he retired in 1886. Since then he has been an invalid and died at Toronto on the 28th October, 1889, eulogized by all parties, but most by those to whom he had been politically opposed in the great work achieved, and in which they differed from him only as to details. That his work should be eulogized to the disparagement of any one would be offensive to his generous nature. That Mr. Morris was the prophet standing on the mountain top who pointed to the land flowing with "milk and honey" ready to be entered, and that he showed the way and led the van to those who did enter and now possess this Canada is what is claimed for him. If this claim be not now conceded, the time will come when it will be.

He loved his native land and appreciated it. Here was the birth-right of the sea kings of the north, who first discovered and are now in possession of the land. Here was the seat of their future empire, and it may be said he saw the aurora of the northern sky forming a halo over her brow; the oceans beyond the sunrise in the east and the sunset in the west, grasped in either hand; whilst the iron girdle on her breast bore the fire-waggon to carry the descendants of Shem and Japhet to where they might coalesce in peace and prosperity under British civilization. Was this a dream? Aye, but a realized one, which Mr. Morris lived to see, and, if not yet fully developed, still now fully assured. Thus he lived, thus he died, and he stands accredited as a noble by a power higher than earth affords, a noble who loved and served his Creator and lifted his own beloved Canada from insignificance, to be the key-stone of British supremacy.

W. B. L.

THE VALEDICTORIAN.

Coral lip and budding bosom, rippling locks and eyes' coy shade
Whisper that behind her learning Cupid lies in ambushade.
Gowned and happy, capped and hooded, radiant with the glow of youth,
Flute-voiced, like a bird full-throated, she upholds the cause of truth.
By the beard she plucks the greyheads, laughs to scorn the pride of man.
"Woman free is woman victor, let him rival her who can!"
Crying: "Woman shall have freedom;" crying: "bitter be her strife
That, as unto man, be opened unto her the walks of life.
"Under foot man treads the animal, dies the ape, the tiger dies;
Man climbs upwards unto knowledge, shouldering through the centuries.
"Climbs the man and woman follows, yearning for the sunlit goal,
Yet he needs must thrust her downwards, her with like immortal soul;
"Thrust her down with brutal utterance: 'This and that is not for thee,
Keep thy kitchen, nurse thy children, leave the realm of thought to me.'

"Buoyant through the infinite ether, swings the world around the sun,
Blinded half by the other's shadow, else of darkness there were none.

"Let not man his selfish shadow cast upon the sister soul;
All is silence and desolation when the midnight shrouds the pole.

"Comes a cry from utter darkness, out of silence comes a wail,
Ignorance for light is pleading; surely succour shall not fail!

"Maiden-buds of woman-beauty, hot-housed by a father's love,
See the soul of man before them onward to perfection move.

"See, afar, the light of knowledge, breaking on life's top-most height
And with opening hearts and yearning bend towards it through the night.

"Wherefore bows the soul in worship, if there be no God to hear;
Why doth woman yearn for knowledge if her mind be not man's peer?

"Freely woman plucks the blossoms in the shady dells that grow;
On the maid as on the stripling Nature doth her gifts bestow.

"Sorrow's shafts nor winds of winter woman's beauty ever charms;
Death spares not his torturing kisses when he takes her to his arms.

"Man has many a mortal conflict, equal conflicts hath the maid,
Shall she not in equal armour for life's warfare be arrayed?

"Grant the maid the shield of knowledge, gird the maid with learning's sword;
Let her at man's side do battle with the powers that hate the Lord.

"Evil shuns the open sunlight, Ignorance a tyrant rules,
And the history of the future is determined in the schools."

Maiden bachelor, well you reason; all your burning words are true,
And I see the chiefest reason man should heed your prayer—in you.

You are eager, you are kindly, knowledge dwells upon your lips;
Nathless you are yet a woman, feminine to your finger tips.

"Nay, but"—flash man's eyes indignant,— "would she call me Ichabod?
Would she drag me from mine eminence, she, the after-thought of God?

"I am man; 'tis mine to follow all the beckoning shapes of life;
She is woman, and her duties lie in household, mother and wife.

"Unto man belongs the forum, unto man the desk and field,
Unto man the war with Chaos to reveal the unrevealed.

"Massive head and stalwart shoulders, breast of bone and sinewy limb,
Trumpet-toned, cry out that Nature gives life's victories to him.

"Shall the father bring forth children, shall they on his bosom lie
While, before the judge, the mother wrangles lest the murderer die?

"Mother! must man ever live to utter in a careless breath
Mother, his first lisp in childhood; mother, his last cry in death?

"She that hacks the blackened body stolen from the kindlier tomb,
She that holds the fruit of learning dearer than the fruitful womb,

"Leather lunged and brazen-visaged, she, the sacred home that wrecks
On the reefs of vain ambition, shames her virtue, shames her sex.

"When man holds the moon at mid-day, like a cloud wraith faint and white,
Nobler than the silver splendour of the harvest moon at night,

"He will hold the unsexed woman of the forum and the mart
Nobler than the stately matron reigning in his home and heart.

"Manhood is a storm-vest ocean, womanhood a rippling rill,
Which with sweet and sunny waters doth the bitter sea-heart fill.

"Man life's warrior is and victor, ever was and ever shall be
Woman's champion and provider; and his crowning solace she."

Stern my master, well you reason; all your stormy words are true,
Empress of the home is woman, warrior of the world are you.

Youth is full of fire, and wisdom comes not instant with the hood;
Aye and man is fiery also and a tyrant in his blood.

Love will tame that fiery maiden eager now to rule the earth;
Love will whisper her true kingdom at her helpless firstling's birth.

Wisdom is the fruit of knowledge, blossoming in the sun of years,
Rounding in the noon of life and ripening in a rain of tears.

Rare as golden sands is woman dowered with wisdom at her birth,
As Athena sprang full-statured, from the brain of Jove to earth.

Like a summer sunbeam gliding softly through a tangled grove,
Through the earthlier throng she wanders, and to see her is to love.

Perfect woman of perfect woman, helpful daughter, gentle bride,
Rules she all with unseen influence, as the fair moon rules the tide.

Like the harp whose soul of music wakes responsive to the wind,
Wakes her soul to thrid thought's labyrinth guided by the husband mind.

Motherhood nor cares of home her progress unto death can bar;
Knowledge comes to such as she as to the twilight comes a star.

Genius soars on tireless pinions to the peaks of thought sublime,
Talent creeps, and meets a thousand cruel barriers in its climb.

Grant the woman-soul its wishes; let the hosts of talent learn;
Maids will choose the better husband, maids the sensual fool shall spurn.

Let them learn; in perfect woman knowledge shall not conquer love,
And the cultured wife a helpmeet fitter for the man shall prove.

Those whom God hath joined together act of man may sunder not,
Fear to part the wife and husband by a barrier of thought.

Fear to have the woman only share the husband's lower life;
Fear to hide his soul's true guardian from that kindred soul, his wife.

Nature hath no shameful secrets, let the maid her pages scan,
Fearlessly though some, foolhardy, strive to wrest his crown from man.

Woman may have need of woman; purity endureth much;
From the rude sun shrinks the violet, yearning for the dew-drop's touch.

Love rules not in every bosom; let the woman choose between
Glimmering like the noonday moon and glowing like the midnight queen.

Grant her choice, nor fear the issue; man will wed no unsexed maid;
Childless shall she die, and with her shall her sterile learning fade.

Man's heart in the breast of woman, what though such desert their trust,
Let not man, that weeds may perish, tread the golden grain to dust.

Fear no evil, all the beauties of the intellect and art
In true woman cannot still the yearnings of the mother heart.

Open fling the doors of learning, all the wisdom maidens win
Some day shall the child that nestles at the mother's breast drink in.

Woman learns and man discovers; he is the pioneer of thought;
Yet in vain he strives and conquers if his children follow not.

Man is the promise of the present, woman of the year to be
When to manhood grows the prattler learning now upon her knee.

Woman stands at heaven's portals, at the gates of hell she stands;
Wraps her silken tresses round us, leads us as with iron bands.

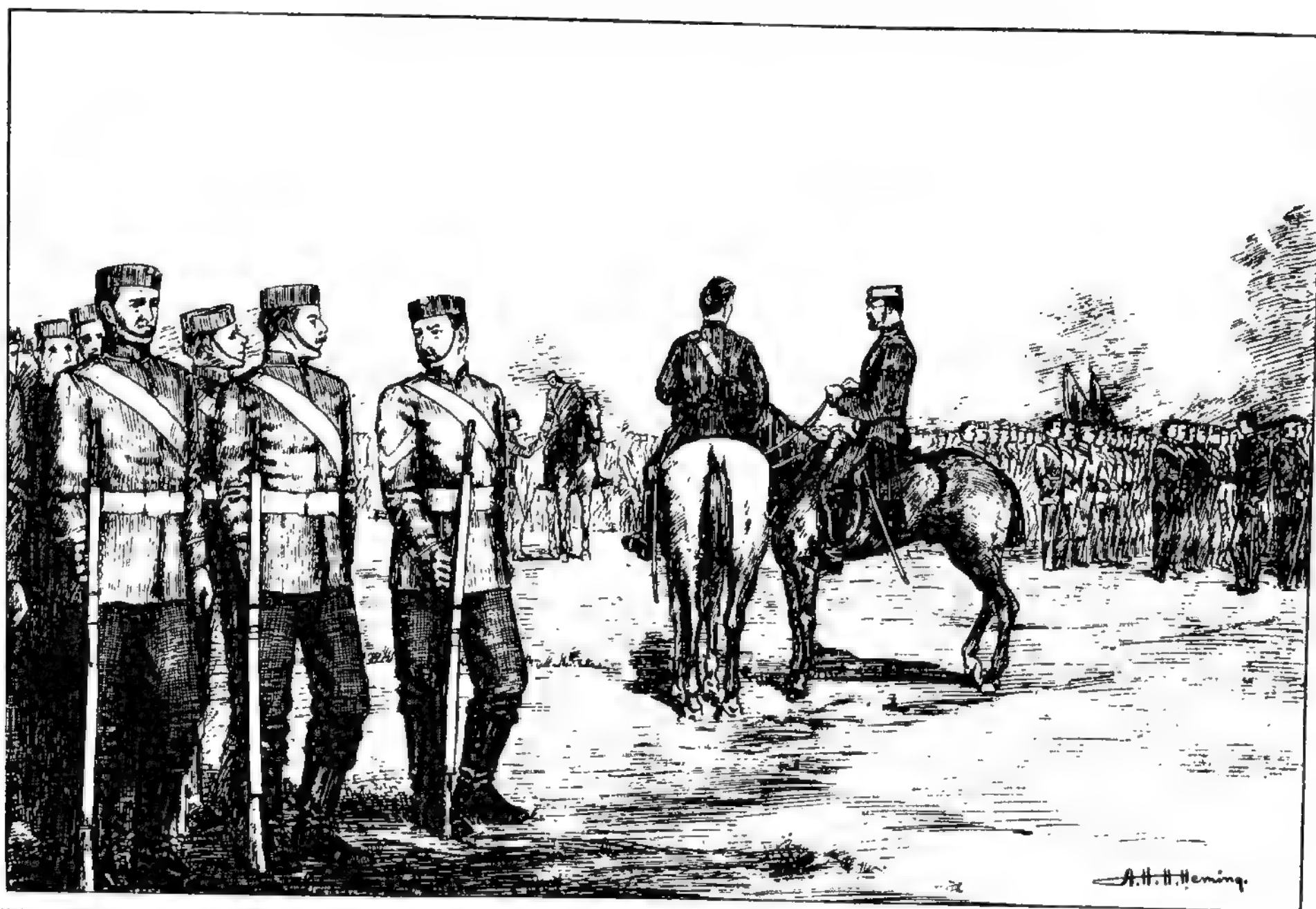
Priestess of our birth and burial, empress of our joy and pain,
Grant her knowledge, lest she drag us backward to the ape again.

Detroit, Mich.

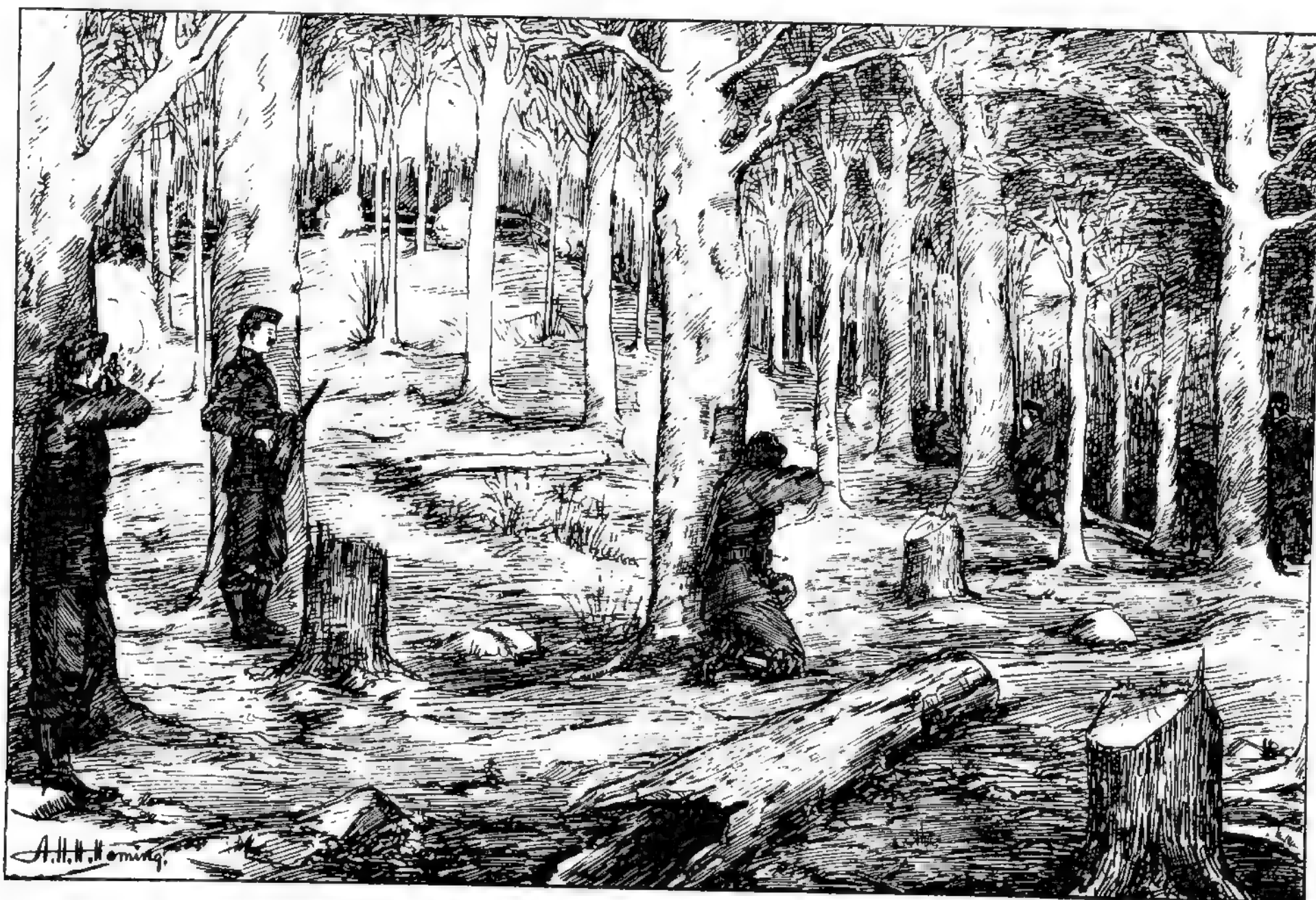
ARTHUR WEIR.

SKETCHES AT THE SHAM FIGHT, TORONTO,

By A. H. H. Heming



THE GRENADIERS AND 13th BATT. READY TO TAKE UP THEIR POSITIONS AGAINST THE ATTACKING FORCES.



SKIRMISHING LINE OF THE QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES.



THE BABY SHOW.

IN THE THICK OF IT.

A TALE OF 'THIRTY-SEVEN.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada in the year 1889, by Sarah Anne Curzon, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SEARCH FOR THE MISSING MAN.

Notwithstanding the condemnatory circumstances which had been adduced at the trial, few of Henry Hewit's immediate neighbours believed him in any way to blame for the disappearance of Frank Arnley, but among those at a greater distance there was evident a very unfriendly, not to say inimical, feeling towards him.

No sooner had he arrived at home than he published his intention of scouring the country in search of the missing man. A letter from Frank's uncle, whom he had informed of all the circumstances, corroborating his statement by the signatures of the young Samoses, put him at his ease in that connection by its expression of perfect trust in his affection for his young companion and friend. It also informed Harry that owing to the great unrest in the public feeling of the city, Mr. Arnley found himself compelled to remain with his sister, who was dangerously ill and alone, with the exception of servants, but it bade Harry spare no expense in the search for Frank, or his body.

December had come, bleak and wild; a fierce frost had set in and high winds careered through the woods with mournful cries, driving before them a light snow, and scattering the dry and withered leaves of the forest like criminals forsaken of mercy. On such a morning Harry began his search. Two hours before daylight he stood at his own door, rifle in hand, attended by his faithful hound Beaver. He had arranged to meet George and Richard Samos at the mill bridge, where Frank's rifle and cap were found.

His mother, who had grown very nervous since the trial, being alarmed at the criminating nature of the evidence, and the bad feeling exhibited towards him by Howis and his partizans, in vain urged Harry to awaken Edwards that he might accompany him as far as the bridge. He smiled at her fears, and bidding her keep up her spirits, hurried away amid the darkness and storm.

Mrs. Hewit returned to the now lonely room where she had prepared an early breakfast for her son with her own hands. A few days had wrought a great change in her: her face, once so calm and happy, now wore a troubled and faded aspect. Anxiety and care were rapidly doing their fell work on her. She remained standing for a moment, then dropping on her knees she poured forth her whole soul in a long and earnest appeal to Heaven for strength and guidance for herself and those who were dear to her. William was the chief object of her solicitude, for she felt sure that Harry would at length come out unscathed from the meshes his enemies had laid for him. She had every confidence in his firmness and integrity. She also implored the Divine blessing and care for Frank, who was almost as dear to her as her own boys.

When she rose from her knees, comforted and calm, she proceeded to write to William. She told of the circumstances in which they were placed, of the disappearance of Frank and the peril of Harry, and used all a mother's tenderness, all a mother's power to induce him to fly at once to their aid and comfort.

When the letter was finished she called for Edwards, and directed him to procure a trustworthy person whom she could despatch on horseback to deliver the letter into William's own hand, for she was not willing to run the risk of delay or miscarriage by sending it in the usual way. The only messenger Edwards could find was his own son, a lad of eighteen, who was well used to riding and knew the road to Tonson well. He was accordingly sent, being strictly enjoined to use the utmost despatch and to deliver the letter to none but Mr. Hewit. The lad, proud of being trusted, promised strict compliance, and so well did he perform his part that he placed the letter in William's own hand that very evening as he sat at tea with Miss Howis and a gay circle of her friends.

William turned pale as he glanced at the well

known handwriting, and begging to be excused for a few moments retired to read the letter.

He was deeply moved at its contents and returning to the company explained that it was necessary he should return home at once.

"A fine story, truly!" said Miss Howis, "do you think I can ride all the way home to-night, the weather has cleared and the moon is bright, but I am scarcely romantic enough to try a ride of fifty miles just now."

"Indeed, I would not ask you to make so great an effort, Emily; no doubt you can stay with your friends to-night and return in the stage to-morrow, when I will meet you and see you safely home. It is almost a matter of life and death, or I should not be so urgent."

Miss Howis cast a cold and scornful glance at William, and answered haughtily:

"Certainly, I can remain here with my friends, and return home when it suits my pleasure, Mr. Hewit," and turning to a fine looking man at the end of the table, she said, "You will take me home when I wish to return, will you not, Mr. Marks?"

"Certainly, Miss Howis, with the greatest pleasure, but if Mr. Hewit will allow a friend to advise he will not start until morning."

"Indeed," said William, in much distress, "my mother begs me to return at once as she needs me, and I feel it my duty to go."

"Permit me to judge," said Miss Howis, holding out her hand for the letter.

William placed it in her hand, and she read it with as little embarrassment as though it had been an extract from a newspaper. Then, turning to William with a smile, she gave him a letter from her pocket, saying:

"Read this, I received it from James this afternoon, it throws light enough on the subject to show you that there is no need of haste: to-morrow will do as well as to-day."

William read the letter, and its contents seemed to satisfy him, for he went out and giving the messenger a verbal message to the effect that he would be down home at once, returned to his new friends.

The next day his horse was sick, so that it was the third day after receiving his mother's letter that he started for home, a home he was destined never to reach until such changes as he little dreamed of had taken place.

During these three days Harry was out night and day, attended by a large party from all parts of the country, not all of whom were, indeed, his friends, but all of whom were interested in getting light on so mysterious a subject. They tried the dog Beaver to see if he could get scent, Harry having a pair of Frank's gloves at hand; that failing, they tried him at the spot where Frank's cap was found, but the frost proved too severe, and all they could do was to separate into parties and scour the surrounding neighbourhood.

The close of the third day found Harry returning to his home in a state of great excitement. Not the slightest trace of the missing man had been met with, and he was beginning to fear that murder had actually been done, and the body probably thrown in to the still water below the dam, where the ice had already formed pretty thick. As he walked disconsolately along, thinking less of his own danger from the law than of the tragic end of the merry youth he loved so well, a woman's voice, in tones harsh and broken, fell upon his ear. In a sort of chant it said:

"Not dead! Todd and Egan. Not dead! Not dead!"

Startled though he was, Harry recognized the voice as that of poor Helen, a maniac who haunted the neighbourhood. She was the only child of parents long dead, whose property had been swallowed up in a disastrous chancery suit, the result of which had alienated the affections of the orphan's lover, and thus had turned her brain. Once rich and beautiful, she was now a wretched outcast whose only refuge was the kind charity of the few from whom she would accept it, or Toronto jail.

"Is that you, Helen?" called Harry, standing and looking in the direction of the voice.

"He's tall and he's straight as a poplar tree,
And his cheeks are as red as a rose,"

was the only reply vouchsafed.

"Don't you know me, Helen?" said Harry.

"I know the owl and I know his mate,
'Twas a poor little mouse the couple ate,
They left not a hair, they left not a bone—"

"Did you say Todd and Egan?" interrupted Harry, who knew her moods.

"Todd and Egan. Todd and Egan. Not dead. Not dead," came the chanted response.

"Frank Arnley, not dead," answered Harry, in the sing-song of the maniac.

"Frank Arnley, not dead," she repeated after him in the same tone.

"Frank Arnley. Todd and Egan," spoke Harry, in the hope of proving a connecting link to exist in the poor creature's brain.

"Frank Arnley! Yes; I saw him!" she cried in the earnest tones of awakened reason. "They didn't see me, though," the girl continued, as a gleam of light seemed to strike into her mind. But as rapidly relapsing, she began to sing in a wonderfully pure childish treble:

"Cat's in the cupboard and can't see me!
One, two, three,
Cat's in the cupboard and can't see me."

"Come with me to my mother, Helen, and you shall have a warm supper and a good bed this cold night," said Harry, as much in charity as in the hope of learning something more satisfactory from the poor girl under happier circumstances.

"Cold! Oh, so cold!" moaned the maniac. "Cold! COLD! But they're after me! They're after me!" she suddenly shrieked, and Harry heard her plunge through the underbrush in all the frenzy of fear, and knew that she was gone beyond his reach or influence.

But the maniac's words had startled him; from them he gathered that Frank was still alive, and, as he thought, in durance vile, whence he could get no word to his friends. That he had been kidnapped he doubted not, and that Egan and Todd had something to do with it he felt convinced. But why, and in what manner, he could not resolve. Todd he knew to be an outlaw and sheep stealer, but of such wizened proportions that he was no match for a young athlete like Frank. Egan was a rough and dangerous customer, he was well aware, but he had heard that the man had left the neighbourhood, and even if that were not the case, Harry was wholly unaware of any reason he had to be inimical to Frank. Why Todd and Egan should work together to kidnap Frank was inexplicable, or where to put him so as to retain him still more so, for Todd's dwelling was an old log shanty tumbling to pieces, and no prison for a strong man, and Egan boarded anywhere they would take him for his services.

Determined to take some one else's opinion in the matter, Henry entered his home sore-hearted, yet not without a ray of hope for the morrow.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN KEEPING.

Let us now return to our gay and spirited acquaintance, Frank Arnley, catching him up immediately after his parting with Harry Hewit on the fateful night.

After leaving Harry he continued homeward, whistling and singing as was his wont, for Frank's spirits were seldom low; he was no crying philosopher, but valued a merry heart and a hearty laugh more than a lesson from Horace or a problem of Euclid. He had proceeded about half a mile on his lonely walk, when, in passing a clump of bushes, some half dozen men or more, leaped out and surrounded him. The ready rifle was instantly raised, but he was seized and overpowered before he could offer resistance, a handkerchief was bound over his mouth and eyes, his arms were pinioned behind him and he was dragged along he knew not whither. It would be impossible to describe Frank's feelings as gagged, blindfolded and pinioned, he was hurried along. Rage at being taken without a chance of striking a blow in his own defence predominated, or if he had knocked three or four of his assailants down before being overpowered he would have felt much more contented. He knew not how far he had been dragged, when suddenly he felt the band

around his wrists give way. He at once thought of Harry's knife, which was in his belt; he drew it and struck with terrific force at the man on his left, having thrown off by a sudden effort the fellow who held his right arm. The blow took the man in the left arm, inflicting a flesh wound only. A fierce scuffle now ensued, for blindfolded as he was Frank was no mean antagonist. The knife was struck from his hand by an assailant and both fell to the ground. Two or three of the party now threw themselves upon the prostrate men, and in the *mêlée* Frank got a chance of tearing the bandage from his eyes. Still gagged, he was unable to shout, but he sprang to his feet intending to run for dear life. He had reckoned without his host, for the leader of the party whom he recognized as the "fighting boy" of the mill, the worthy Captain Stratiss, was standing quietly by watching the affray, and now sprang upon Frank. But he was no match for the courageous youth, and Frank seizing him by the neck-cloth, twisted him to the ground with a grasp of iron. The delay was sufficient to place Frank again at the mercy of the party, who seized him as he struggled with Stratiss and once more blindfolded and pinioned him and dragged him forward, this time *minus* cap and knife. Stratiss laughed as he rose, saying:

"That's more than I bargained for, Egan, my bones are getting too old for embraces like that, I find."

Having comforted himself with a smart resistance, Frank proceeded more quietly until he was conscious of being brought to the shore of the little lake. Here some of his captors tied a thick shawl over his head "to protect his ears from the frost," as they said. He was then assisted into a boat, and his captors separated, two only of them, Captain Stratiss and Egan, getting in with him.

The morning was rough and the boat small, and Captain Stratiss, though a man of undoubted courage, was timid on water. He constantly urged Egan to make greater speed, which it was not easy to do. Egan at length lost his patience and told Stratiss to row himself if he could not suit him. Stratiss replied that he would gladly do so if he knew how, for it would keep him from freezing. He suggested, however, that Frank should have his hands loosed and take an oar, since he was sure to know how to handle them. After a whispered consultation between the two, Stratiss said to Frank:

"Young man, you are a gentleman, and believe in keeping your word of honour, I presume. If we loosen your hands will you assist in rowing, and promise not to make a fuss, which would be useless."

"Give me an oar," replied Frank, whose teeth had been playing a double quick march, for it was fiercely cold.

Captain Stratiss cut the binding from Frank's wrists, and between him and Egan the little boat bounded over the waves in a way that made Stratiss change colour more than once. They had rowed a couple of miles when Stratiss cried:

"Here we are, at length," and at the same moment the boat touched the shore and the party disembarked.

No sooner did Frank find himself on land than he attempted to unloose his blindfold, but Egan was upon him in an instant, shouting, with a fierce imprecation:

"Come, come, young cove, don't you think you've made muss enough a'ready. I've not forgot the cut you gave me yet, though Captain Stratiss seemed to think nothing on it when he kep' shoutin' at me to hurry."

"If you were not fit for rowing why did you undertake it?" asked Stratiss sharply.

"Because I knew that among such a pack of cowards there was not another who would face the storm and the prisoner together," answered Egan insolently.

"You had better be cautious to whom you apply such an epithet, my man," said Stratiss.

"Epithet or no epithet," returned Egan, "contradict it who dare."

(To be continued.)

THE WAR OF 1812.

Ever since the Revolution the anti-British feeling in the United States had been on the increase; fanned as it was, by the foreign population of refugees of the Irish Rebellion, German socialists and French pupils of the "Reign of Terror." Washington and his party endeavoured to check their strong anti-British feeling by every means in their power. Why, they urged, go on and wage war with a nation from which they had sprung, whose laws, religion and language, were identical with their own? They had achieved their independence and were now free from the rule of Britain; and it ill became them as a nation whose boast was freedom and liberty, to be constantly bringing up old grievances and giving ear to the tirades of those whose aim in life was to plot against the peace and prosperity of a country.

Such, were the noble sentiments of those who had fought bravely for their country in her hour of need; and who were ready to lay down their lives again, but not, in such an ignoble strife as was now proposed. Before Washington retired in 1796, he had the satisfaction of seeing a treaty of peace established with Great Britain. But it did not stem the torrent of angry abuse which the Democrats continued to hurl against Britain; while those who dared to think otherwise, were branded as traitors to their country.

Why this unreasonable hatred of all that pertained to Britain? If she had defeated them in their rebellion, there might have been some reason for it, but surely, the victory achieved at that time ought to have allayed all bitter feelings. But instead, the anti-British feeling became stronger than ever during the ensuing years, until it found vent in the war of 1812. During the years leading up to this war, the Democrats did all in their power to widen the breach between the two countries, while the Federalists, or peace party, who were especially strong in the New England States, protested against the war.

Meanwhile the unfortunate occurrence of the Chesapeake and Leopard took place, and though the English Government disavowed the act and offered to make reparation, as the right of search, when applied to vessels of war, extended only to a simple requisition, and should not be carried into effect by actual force. But all overtures made by the British were of no avail to stem the fierce anger which was stirred up by this act. The Democrats, hoped by broken stipulations and insults to make Britain declare war first, and by so doing unite the disaffected section of the Americans with those in favour of the war. But finding this useless, Congress determined to take the initiative and on the 18th of June, 1812, declared war against Britain, thus taking her at a most unfair advantage as she was engaged at that time almost single-handed in fighting for her existence against the combined powers of Europe.

(To be continued.)

HERE AND THERE.

Until very recently the natives of Terra del Fuego were regarded as the nearest of all races of human beings to the brutes. Captain Cook was in doubt whether they possessed an articulate language, and Darwin described them as being in the lowest state of any of the inhabitants of the world. It is interesting to learn, therefore, that there is now in their midst a Christian church, with schools, orphanage, Bible and mothers' meetings, and all the machinery of an English parish. A portion of the Bible has been translated into the native tongue, and the missionaries have prepared a dictionary and a grammar. The pioneer in this work was Captain Allen Gardiner, R. N., who first went to Patagonia in 1844, and whose missionary efforts, unsuccessful as they then seemed, have since borne good fruit.

INDIAN CURIOS.—Two very strange Indian curiosities have been found by Mr. G. W. Henry on his grounds, adjoining the banks of the Fraser River at Port Hammond. One consists of a stone carved very symmetrically, and made to resemble the head of a man, whilst the other is a carved stone mortar for grinding corn. Both these relics of days gone by were found whilst ploughing up the soil after clearing up the surface. Mr. Henry has found other relics of a like nature, all of which would lead him to suppose that where his house is built and all the adjoining ground used to form a camping-ground for Indians. Of this there can be no doubt. There are other indications which point in the same direction. The strange thing is what the Indians carved the stone with? Mr. Henry is thinking of sending these relics either to the museum being formed by Mayor Oppenheimer or to that already established in Victoria.



Disappointed isn't the name for it, but then what could be expected of a company with twenty star artists and a play called the "Shanty Queen." If Miss Kemble will take advice, let her change the thing around a little, introduce some more tights and a lot of marches and have, after hours, a few good songs written; a musical absurdity it would not then be, deceiving the public. It won't do the Academy much good, that's certain.

"Wages of Sin," well played as ever, opened at the Royal on Monday. It is a fine play, well liked and always draws crowded houses.

I'm afraid that our American friends, Nye and Rile, did not come quite up to the expectations which people had of them. No one will try to deny that they did not furnish an evening's amusement, as promised, but neither will any one successfully be able to hide the fact that the "intellectual" and "genuine humour," features of the advertising, was slightly overdone. These two features in Nye's work, with but a few exceptions, will never be appreciated in the United States, and though he made people laugh, he disappointed many, I am sure. As to James Whitcomb Riley, though not exactly a humourist, according to my views, he pleased people with his simple ballads, which were recited in really excellent style. People got their money's worth, however, and it would have been worth the entrance fee to simply see these two modern wonders of American literature.

The Men's Financial Guild of St. John's Church gave an excellent concert in aid of the church debt on Tuesday. It took place in the new schoolroom and was greatly enjoyed.

The Cercle Talma gave a most interesting dramatic entertainment at St. Jean Baptiste on Saturday.

Amateur theatricals are becoming a great factor in local amusements. On Tuesday and Wednesday the Grand Trunk Club gave "Little Em'ly," a difficult and long play with many changes of scenes, which were given in first class style. Pieces of this kind suit the Grand Trunk contingent. They are first class scene shifters and excellent melodramatic players, but it is doubtful whether out of the twenty or more that took part in the piece, more than six males and four females could be found that could take part in more quiet farce of homely plays without overdoing it one way or another. There is lots of talent, but the trouble with melodrama is that the accomplished players become careless and the beginners and less bright members do not get a chance. Amongst the people that really distinguished themselves were Messrs. Fabian, the two Dougherty's and Miss Macey. That the club has a most efficient stage manager is evident.

The Irving Club gave their first entertainment at the Armory on Thursday. Their people are not fitted for melodrama, though the social glass and horrible example play went off without a hitch, barring the Armory scenery. Mr. Fabian, as *Charles Thornley*, who, according to the above, played the night previous at the Grand Trunk, if he be the same man, did well as usual. Mr. Gilveray, as *Hollis*, was a perfect villain with too low a voice. *Bob Brittle* was a revelation as presented by Mr. Grady, and Miss A. Burns would have been quite up to him if she had been less constrained. Mr. Spanjaardt took *Farley* as well as he could, but he did better work in the farce, his element. Miss Fmo was fitted well for her part, her acting was good, but she elocutionized too much. Both died in the traditional manner. Miss Leonora Burns, as *Eva*, knew her lines to perfection and delivered them with grace, but she makes very spare uses of action. Messrs. Cool and Munn took the smaller parts creditably. The farce was a great success and went off without a hitch. Everyone did well and the only two new people, Mr. Taylor, as *Friendie*, and Miss Montgomery, as *Susan*, did very well. Throughout it was a most enjoyable entertainment.

A. D.

CANADA.

Who, conscious of their country's swelling needs,
In idle dalliance waste the noontide prime;
Or, mindful of their sires' heroic deeds,
Ne'er forward press to reach those heights sublime—
Not such for Canada, our land, we ask;
But stout, brave "hearts of oak" would inly pray
To guard our homes, the subtle foe unmask,
Bring peace and plenty round our onward way.
Rouse ye, then, brothers, for a noble name,
Deep-root the right, eradicate the wrong—
Rouse, Saxon, Norman, Celt—or whence ye came,
To each and all deep patriot ties belong;
Or high or low, or rich or poor, the same—
For Canada, home, fatherland—be strong!
Amherst, N.S.

HENRY H. PITMAN.

A British naval officer has devised a method by which boats may be propelled without the use of oars. It consists of a screw propeller worked by hand, which will enable a boat to be driven by any one, although unacquainted with rowing. In case of shipwreck it would be of great value, as passengers could manage a boat without the aid of sailors.

HUMOUROUS.

LITTLE ELSIE: Oh, take me up, mamma: it's so muddy. Mamma: Walk across, that's a good girl. Mamma has all she can do to carry poor Fido.

MISTRESS (to applicant for cook's position): Why did you leave your last place? Applicant: You are very inquisitive, marm. I didn't ax yer what for yer last cook left you.

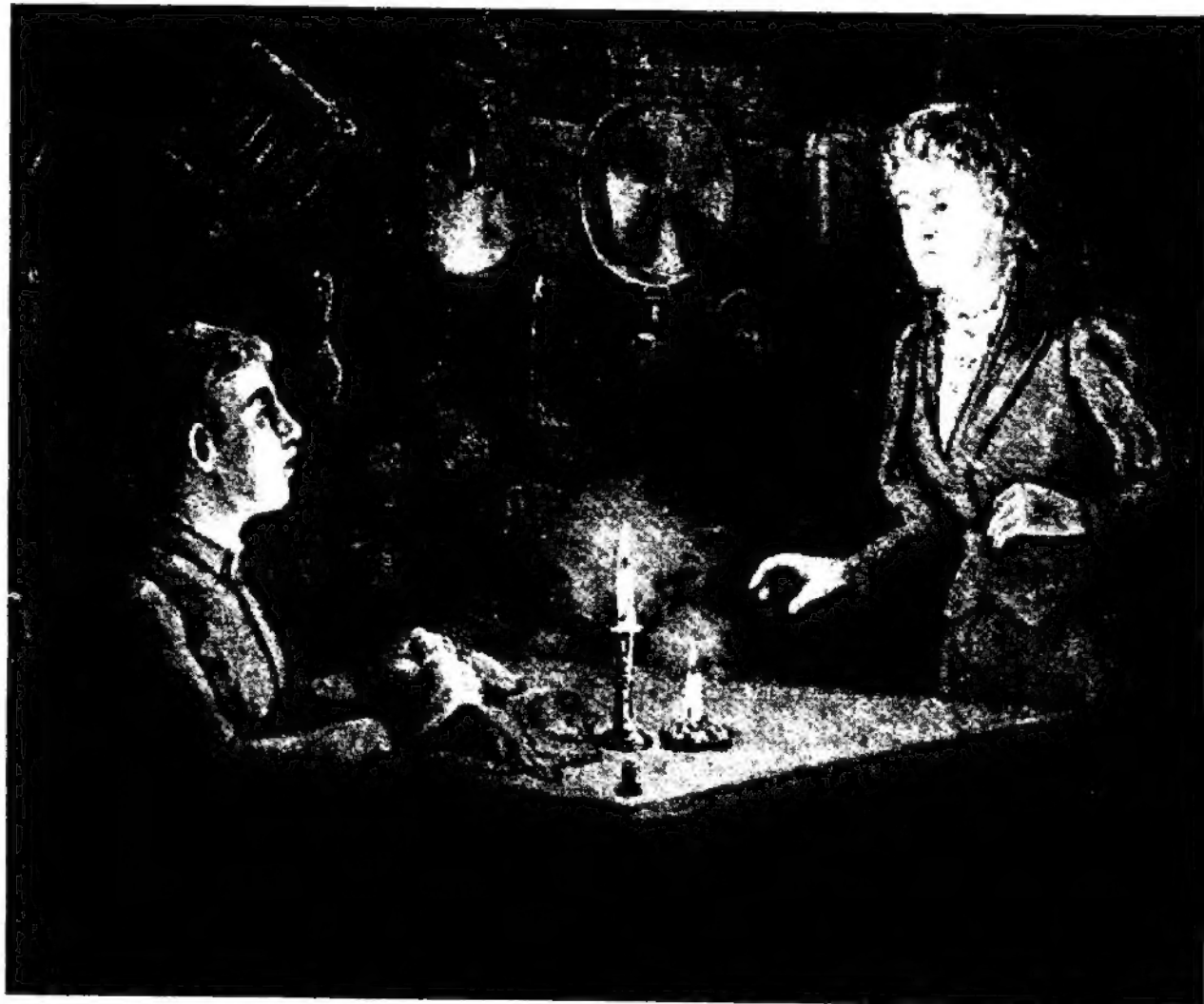
DOG FANCIER: Yes, madame, we have all kinds of dogs here. Is there any particular breed you wish? Old lady (who reads the papers): Oh, anything that's fashionable. Lemme see an ocean greyhound.

FRESHLY (rising to go): I'm sorry to break up your hand at whist, Miss Rosalie, but really I can't stay any later. Miss Rosalie: Oh, never mind, Mr. Freshly, I am sure we will get on with a dummy just as well.

IRISH GUIDE TO AMERICAN TOURIST: And there is no king nor quane naythur in America, they're tellin me, sur? Indifferent tourist: No. We've a president there. Irish guide: And how long have you been havin' a president, moight I ax, sur? Indifferent tourist: Oh, something over a hundred years. Irish guide (stopping, paralyzed with astonishment): Howly saints! And do they live that long beyant there?

A STORY is told of a good o'd homespun lady, who had attended for some time an Episcopal church in which the service was intoned. Meeting the rector on the street one day, she said to him: "Mr. Pasture, I have a little favour to ask of ye; I've been a-sayin' my prayers in F' now for nigh on to five years, and I would reely like to say them in G for a while. I'm gettin' so husky in F' now that I can't jine in as I used to do." To please the old lady, the rector at once gave directions to have the prayers said in G.

"If that's a tramp," said Mrs. Slick, "I dont want to see another around here again. Why he ain't got common manners, and that's a fact. He came abeggin' and atellin' me that he hadn't seen bread for a week, and I got all worked up to think of anyone bein' so hungry right here in Nova Scotia, and so I just bustled around to the pantry and brought him out a whole half loaf of good bread, and says he, 'Marm, I've heard say that half a loaf's better than no bread, and I reckon it's true.' Says I, 'just look here, I can't stand ungratitude, and if half a loaf's not enough you'll have to get more elsewhere, and now,' says I, 'just leave my house, and next time you're starvin' find a few manners afore acceptin' favours from folks as is strangers to you.' The fellow went off all crest-fallin' as if he was dazed-like, and didn't know what he'd done, but I guess it'll be a lesson to him."



KITCHEN PHILOSOPHY.

"But Bridget, how is this! two candles burning!"

"No ma'am: sure and I wouldn't be that extravagant; it's only the one candle, cut in two!"

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HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 26, are open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one near the local office to make the entry for him.

DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.

2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year; 10 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.

3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

A SECOND HOMESTEAD

may be taken by any one who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon application for patent made by him prior to the second day of June, 1887.

All communications having reference to lands under control of the Dominion Government, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast, should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A. M. BURGESS,

Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889.